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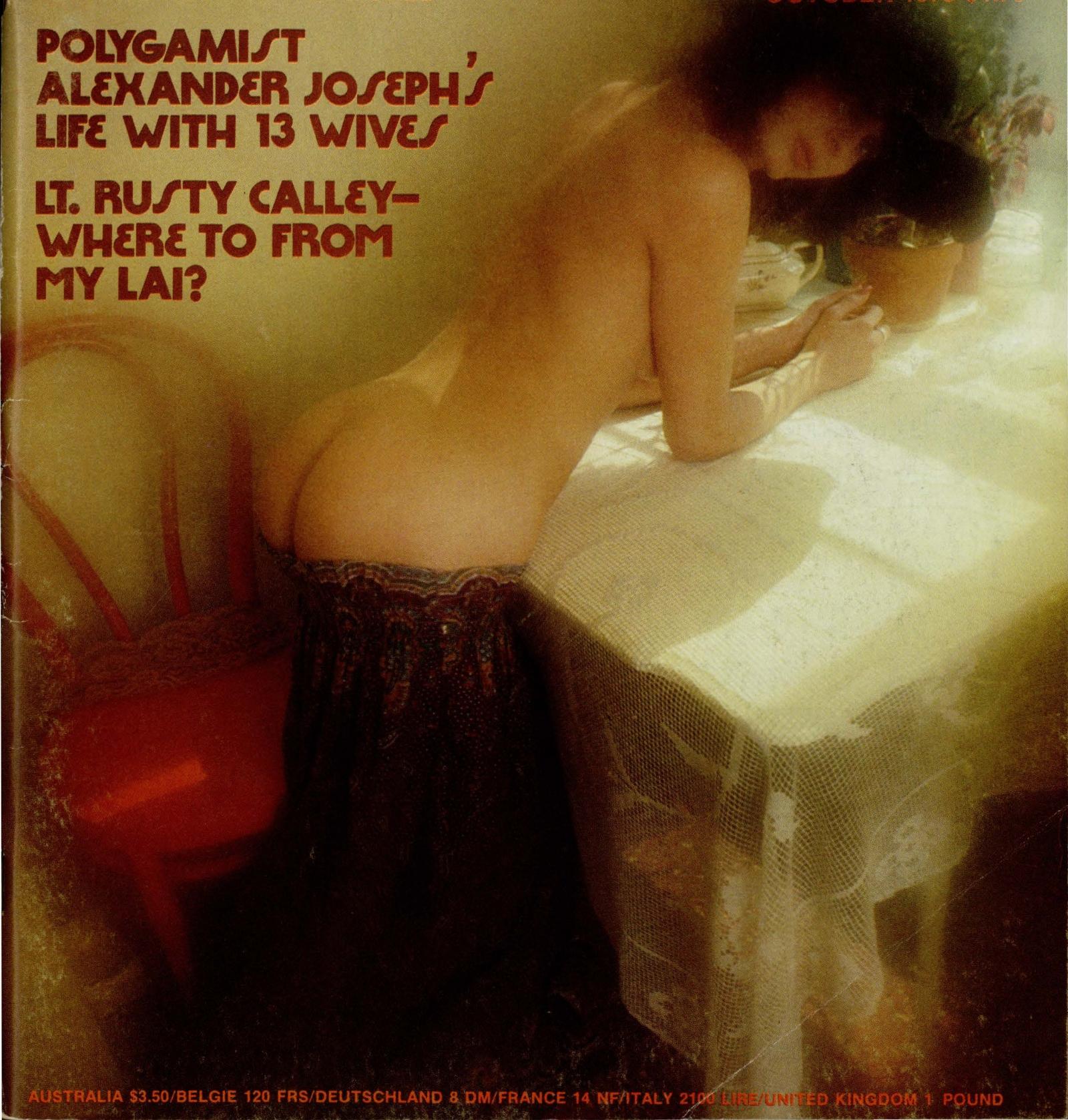
HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

OCTOBER 1975 \$1.75

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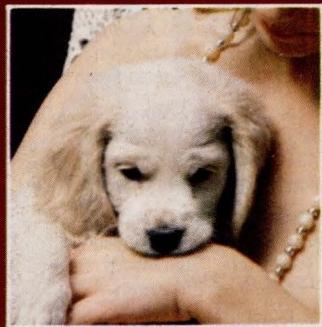
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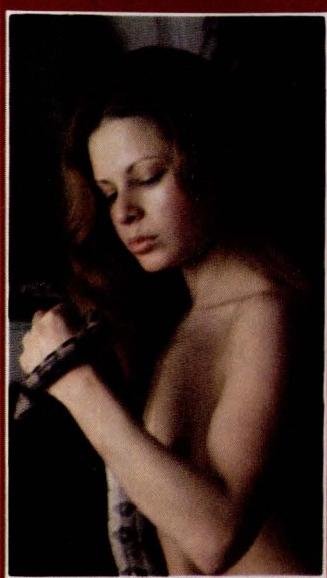
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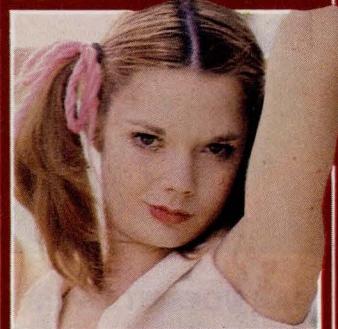
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SHOW & TELL

MAN DOESN'T LIVE BY BREAD ALONE . . .

What man has not fantasized at one time or another, on having more than one wife? An alternative woman to turn to when the first old lady gets bitchy, boring, or overly-demanding; an alternative which would prevent number one from becoming bitchier, or even domineering, because she would know that "her man" had another choice. Likewise, to keep number two in line, a number three . . . four . . . five. In the case of Alexander Joseph, the Utah-based ginseng magnate, thirteen. Joseph has made this "Arabian Nights" fantasy a reality for himself, and his thirteen wives, by maintaining that polygamy was the way of the ancient prophets, with whom he feels so spiritually related that he founded a new religion to accommodate his yearnings. Utah law enforcement authorities, however, have taken a dim view of Joseph's lifestyle, as he explained to veteran interviewer **RON OFFEN**, and it may only be a matter of time before the courts figure out who Joseph married, when, and what they can do to stop him from marrying again.

This month's selection of Honeys would be a welcome addition to any Hustler's harem: Centerfold Heather, our simmering sorghum-snatched Southern dish belies the myth that all librarians' pussies are as dried up as old library paste; Debbie gives modern-day evidence of why Eve took the Serpent's word for it when she took that first bite of forbidden fruit; Lynn shows what happens when a Dirty-Old-Man obscene phone caller gets a *right* number: A Dirty-Young-Woman; and Dorene offers a man-size wedge of hair pie to any would-be taste-testers.

Not long ago, William "Rusty" Calley, war veteran and anti-hero, was the central figure in an investigation which blew the cover off thousands of brutal, terrorist-style killings of men, women and innocent children in Vietnam. Calley, whose explosive actions at My Lai caused him to be singled out and classified along with such infamous personalities as Jack the Ripper and Adolf Hitler, in Madame Tussaud's wax museum, is out of jail, now; out of money; and bitter that he has not financially benefited as have so many journalists, from the plentiful publicity given his newsworthy case. In this month's profile, Calley biographer, **WAYNE GREENHAW** ("The Making of a Hero"), provides HUSTLER readers an in-depth, sensitive look at the man as he is today.

Parisian pornographer, **LAURENCE SANTREY**, premieres in HUSTLER with an article on one of France's most well-known and widely-loved prostitutes, Fabienne. Madame Fabienne, as she came to be known, made "122" into one of the most prosperous bordellos of its day, by tailoring her girls' lessons and methods to the sexual deviations and requirements of the world's top entertainment and political personalities from Humphrey Bogart to Errol Flynn, to the Swedish diplomatic corps.

Unusual, is the word we use to describe **RONALD SMITH**'s "A Space Oddity," the humorous version of events which could prevail on the most experienced traveler, anytime, anywhere. Kinky Korner features the fortuitous circumstance of **TRACY ELDER**, who is a sure match for any gynecologist; **SKIP FICKLING** gives readers a rise with Libra's horoscope; **JOHN FARR** explains the virtues of masturbation, in a how-to-do-it Sex Play, and Honey makes her debut as a cheerleader for Jesus Christ.

Good reading to you.

Michael Foldes
Managing Editor

HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

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HUSTLER OCTOBER 1975 VOLUME 2
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



"POLITICS MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS"

Two of the most newsworthy characters here in Columbus are HUSTLER Magazine and Ohio Governor James A. Rhodes. So it seemed appropriate that the two should be linked in local headlines when Rhodes was spotted buying the August issue of HUSTLER — the issue containing the nude photos of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. The news media jumped on the story, smelling the most hilariously embarrassing political incident since Wilbur Mills' "friend," Fanne Fox, dove into the Tidal Basin. Being the shrewd politician that he is, Rhodes realized that he needed a story fast, so he lamely explained that he was a "historical buff on first ladies," and that he was buying the magazine for "historical research." This was about as convincing as Jerry Ford's reasons for the Nixon pardon; however, it did stop the protesting by the flag-waving, bible-toting little old ladies in tennis shoes. The Governor further tried to get himself off the hook by making a pious disclaimer that "Jacqueline Kennedy does not deserve this kind of treatment."

I don't mean to put down the Governor by mentioning this incident.

Jim Rhodes has done more for the State of Ohio than any other governor with the possible exception of Martin Davey, 1935—1939. And his political popularity is attested to by the fact that he was the only Republican to win a major gubernatorial election in the Post-Watergate 1974 elections—in a state with a 2-to-1 Democratic registration.

But the fact that such a competent and popular politician would find it necessary to apologize for buying a copy of HUSTLER points up the continuing hypocritical absurdity of American politics. The sooner political office-holders admit that they have the same taste for erotica as do millions of their constituents, the sooner we will all have the complete freedom of expression which would truly make America "the land of the free." At least the Governor was ballsy enough to purchase his own copy of HUSTLER, even if a little white cover-up did have to follow. **DW**

Larry Flynt
Larry Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

FEEDBACK

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bitchin' Beach Party

Your magazine is generally a real turn-on, and a real contribution to erotic newsstand literature. However, you have your imitators, and you'll have to strive to maintain your position of uniqueness. May I make some suggestions?

First of all, I would encourage the use of "fantasy situations" for photographic themes, rather than just a posed model looking at the camera. For example, a pictorial on coeds that like to "moon"—a fight, with the winner spreading the legs of the loser for all to see; a bicyclist viewed from the back as she raises her leg to mount a ten-speed bicycle; and a string bikini that spreads the cunt rather than covers it. Also, I think you could capitalize on swingers' exhibitionistic tendencies, by encouraging readers to send in their own photographs—perhaps a contest.

In conclusion, I'll relate one experience that has led to many fruitful fantasies. In high school, I was initiated into the letterman's club—it was unsupervised and occurred on a deserted beach. Girls participated, and provided a willing audience. Two jocks were made to wrestle with only jocks on—spectators got some good views of their masculinity. All of us wore towels to begin with, and nothing else. Strings were looped around our pricks, and then run through strings encircling our necks—a yank on the string hurt like hell, made your prick bob, and sometimes produced a hard-on, depending on the yanker. Some of the sweetest-looking girls were the most sadistic.

I was new in the school, and somewhat cocky, so some of the club members sought me out, stole my towel, and made me masturbate in front of some of the girls. I was so nervous that I couldn't get a hard-on, until the girls started teasing me with turn-on jibes such as "What kind of fucker are you?" and "Come over closer, so we can see the bend in your prick." Finally, they "pants-ed" one of the girls, and pulled her legs apart as she struggled. I shot my wad so far some of them couldn't believe it. That was my trial by fire, and I still get my rocks off when I think about it.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request.

Whew! We get our rocks off when we think about it, too! Have you ever thought about contributing to our "Kinky Korner" feature? But, all that aside . . . thanks for the suggestions for fantasy features. This is the kind of reader response we really like to get.

All-American Shitty

Thank you for having the courage to put out such a fantastic magazine. I've noticed that with each succeeding issue, you have grown a little more risque. My only hope is that you continue to do so. Your competitors have only

scratched the surface. HUSTLER has gone way beyond the surface, and gotten to the root of things.

I also want to thank you for making the city of Columbus, Ohio, the "All-American City," well known for something other than being "the home of Jack Nicklaus and the Ohio State University football team." I'm not cutting down either of them. As a matter of fact, having lived all my life in Columbus, I am quite proud of both. However, it's great to see a magazine of this nature published in this city that is so strict and severe with regard to cinematic censorship. Theatre owners here probably had to fight like hell to run the uncut "Mary Poppins." Linda Lovelace doesn't have an "All-American" prayer. Maybe HUSTLER can help change all of this. Enclosed is my check for a subscription to HUSTLER. Thank you again.

J.R. Neil
Hilliard, Ohio

Penthouse Put-Down

What a pleasing and wonderful contrast your magazine is to those amateurs, *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. It's so refreshing to see, for the first time, beautiful women revealingly posed and clearly photographed, as opposed to all the covering up, hiding and fuzzy photography found in the impostors' magazines. Please continue to show us everything as you have done in the past.

I have a suggestion as to how you can put down *Penthouse* once and for all. Why don't you get some of the women they have featured in recent pictorials, and make them "Honeys of the Month"? Of course, you would pose and photograph them as only HUSTLER can. I have no doubts that HUSTLER would easily and soundly trounce *Penthouse* in such a poll—and, it would be the ultimate put-down that really would be a blow to Bob Guccione's ego, since he seems to take so much pride in his (inferior) photography.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request.

Thanks for the kind words—we also don't doubt that we can easily trounce *Penthouse* for presenting the most beautiful girls in the most erotic way. However, we prefer to continue to have Guccione run stale treatments of our models after us, as he did in the case of Karen Dermer (July '74) and Lolita (April '75). That way we can continue to feature fresh, original and beautiful models with each new issue, and readers are still offered a basic of comparison, since Mr. Guccione seems to like so much to

"take sloppy seconds." We think the fact that we are the fastest growing men's magazine in the world shows what are the conclusions of our readers when comparing us to *Penthouse*.

Wow! HUSTLER has really outdone them all with your May issue. Let Hefner or Guccione equal that centerfold cunt shot of Ginger, or the rear view of the same pussy, or that squat shot with those puckered lips pouting at the viewer.

The only thing that could have been added was an inside pic of the cover girl without the "HUSTLER" title blocking out a view of her tight little bung-hole.

There is no other magazine to match HUSTLER. Keep them coming.

Robin Alexander
Toronto, Canada

I read *Playboy* for years, until I picked up a copy of *Penthouse*, which was better, until I picked up a copy of *Genesis*, which was better yet, until I picked up a copy of HUSTLER. Mags will never get any better and still stay legal—and if they do, HUSTLER will be the one to do it. Your pictures are clear, and they tell it like it is. The shaved pussies show women like they should be, and like they would rather pose, I'll bet. I'm sending for back issues I missed. I especially want the February issue with the young girl ("Adolescent Fantasy"). It's a pleasure to see young, slim and open models, like in your fine magazine, rather than 140 lbs. of blubber and 40 lbs. of what they call tits, hanging down the belly. I'll be waiting for my back issues of HUSTLER, especially February. Thanks, and keep up the gutsy work—I'm sticking with HUSTLER.

E. L. Morgan
Upstate New York

Pussy Prints

I think you have THE magazine. Unfortunately I didn't see it until the 5th issue, then my most reliable supplier went out of business. So, of 11 issues, I have only seen four.

I'm collecting and binding in plastic windows your most outstanding Open Pussies. I think your competition is denying us that pleasure. Do you remember those chocolate bars, called "E.P.D. (Every Piece Different)"? Now, from your lovely spreads, I'm beginning to think that "E.P.D." could be "Every Pussy Different." If they are so, then how come Women's Lib hasn't started a campaign for women that would provide a means of identification instead of finger-prints ("Pussy Pictures?") to be on file with the F.B.I.?

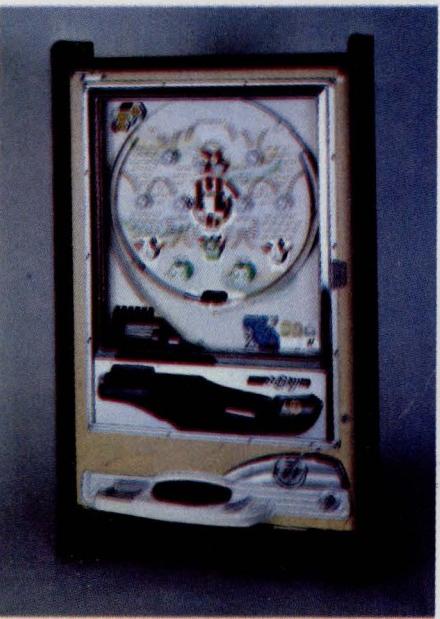
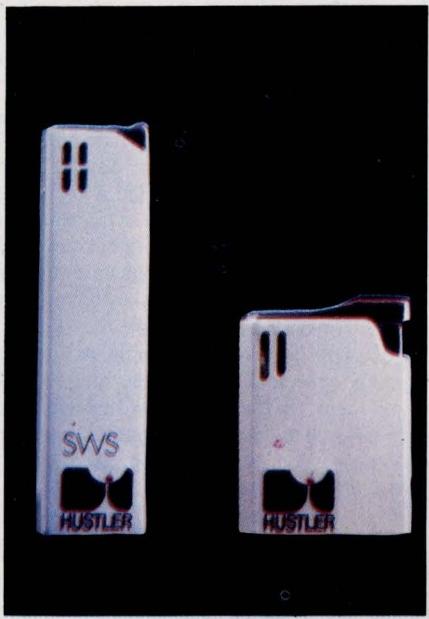
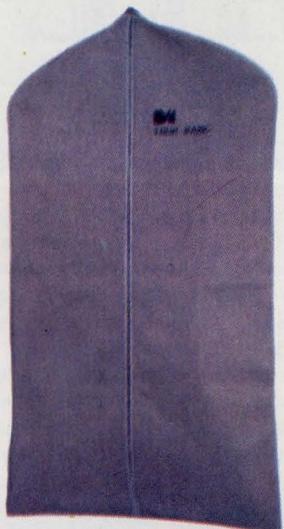
Fred Dibblee
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Better not give the F.B.I. any ideas; with their record for surveilling political activists, we're liable to wind up with files full of "Pussy Pictures" of Bella Abzug and Betty Friedan.

THE PHILOSOPHER

All things pronounce names.

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FEEDBACK

Tillie The Toiler

I am writing to protest your listing of my place of business (Tillie's Massage Salon) in the "Entertainment Guide" in the May issue of HUSTLER Magazine. It is causing me much embarrassment and many new problems. Just who gave you permission to list my business in the first place? And furthermore, I do not, and never did give sensuous massages. I give straight massage and therapy. I am active in church work, and have been for 30 years or more. I also am active in the Illinois Massage and Therapy Association; in fact, I am their Chaplain, and we are working hard to keep massage the clean and healthy art which it is, and always has been.

Tillie Hawkins
Tillie's Massage Salon
Chicago, Ill.

Fellas, avoid Tillie's Massage Salon in Chicago; the only kind of "hand-job" you get there will be the back of Tillie's if you make any improper suggestions.

Cock Ring Queries

I stumbled onto HUSTLER on a newsstand in New York City while on a trip. I find it the best of all the sex mags, because of its unabashed outspokenness, and for its lovely photos.

In your June issue, I came upon the item called The Incredible Cock Ring. Your piece says it was designed by Farrel, but it does not say where one can be ordered. I am enamored of owning one, and would like to know where I can order such a great item.

James Jones
Key Biscayne, Fla.

In your June issue, "Bits & Pieces," you featured an item called a "Cock Ring." I would like further info about this ring, i.e.—how it goes on, and is it easily removed? My boyfriend says he would wear one, but he does not know what size to order, as all men are *not* created equal. Also, I would like to know if it is solid gold; if so, what karat, the weight, and where to order it. Thank you for any info you can send me.

"Bobbie"
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Looks like the Cock Ring is going to be the big hit on the Florida beaches (and bedrooms) this season . . . The Incredible Cock Ring can be ordered directly from: Creations by Farrel, 54 West 47th Street, New York City, 10036. It is available in either silver or 14- or 18-karat gold. The silver costs \$25; the 14-karat gold, \$125; and the 18-karat gold, \$150. The price of the gold rings fluctuates with the cost of gold, so you would be wise to order now—this item was only \$85 when we first came across it.

The Cock Ring is worn over both penis and testicles, and is slipped on while the penis is soft. Slip the ring over the testicles first, then pull the flaccid penis through after that, bringing the ring up as high on the penis as possible. When erection is achieved, the Cock Ring retains the blood in the penis, allowing continuance of the erection. Since the ring does go over both the cock and the balls, Farrel believes that one size will fit all but the most inordinately hung guy. "If you feel you are unusually large or unusually small," says Farrel, "please contact me, and further information will be forwarded." Seriously, that's what he says.



Goldstein's Choker

Dear Larry,

Though you are cheap and fat, money is where it is at. But we'll always be friends anyway.
Love,

Al Goldstein
Screw magazine
New York, N.Y.

Dear Al,

Look for my gift from Creations by Farrel to arrive in the next mail (see above letter). Suggest you wear it around your neck.

Regards,
Larry Flynt
HUSTLER Magazine
Columbus, Ohio

More Blue Than the Danish

I accidentally got hold of the February issue of your HUSTLER magazine, and I thought you would like to hear what a Dane would feel about a magazine of this sort. I

was very impressed. I have seen several American men's magazines, all in the sort of Playboy style, and I must admit that they did not appeal to me at all. They would all, by lengths, be beat by Danish magazines. But HUSTLER—a superb quality of paper and photography, interesting articles, beautiful models; all in all, a men's magazine not to be beat by any other of its kind in 1975! Congratulations! I sincerely hope you will keep up the standards, so that HUSTLER will continue to be available in Denmark. Looking forward to the coming issues, I remain

Yours Truly,
Arne Bengt Lauritsen
Copenhagen, Denmark

As one of the managers of the Dartmouth Varsity LaCrosse team, it is my job to acquire the reading material for our "away" trips. This used to be a hum-drum affair, until your magazine hit the stands. What I usually did on the day of the trip, I now do two or three days ahead, so that I can read HUSTLER from cover to cover. Wide open beaver is my specialty — you might say I'm a C.G. (Cunt Gourmet) — and I see plenty of it among your pages! I wish you could figure out how to get it wet and have it emit that orgasmic scent, so that I wouldn't have to rely solely on my imagination. I was so turned on that I nearly missed the bus for the last game, as I couldn't get enough pleasure from your pages in the time I had. By the way, I now buy two, since the boys on the team like to get down with the magazine, too. Keep coming, we're cunting on you.

M.D. '76
Hanover, N.H.

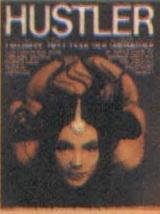
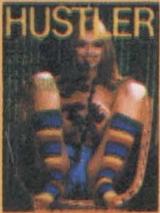
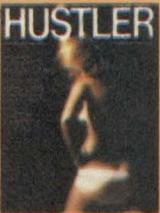
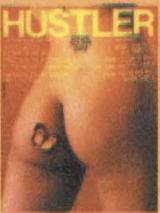
Suggestion Box

I've been enjoying HUSTLER since about November, 1974, and I look forward to every issue. Bearing in mind that you consider all your letters, I think I may have an idea for you. Your May, 1975 cover brought to mind an old fantasy of mine I've had ever since I started getting hard-ons.

Do you remember watching those beautiful female acrobats and contortionists you see on television or in the circus—the beauties that bend over backwards, with their hands and feet flat on the floor, or the ones who do a full split between and supported by chairs? I always, whenever possible, kept my eyes glued to the straining of their costumes, just waiting for the crutch to split open to reveal their perfectly beautiful cunts.

How about running a spread showing this happening and then some close-up shots to reveal what was straining their costumes? Maybe using two or three girls, perhaps one black girl and perhaps even a completely shaven pussy. One more thought: how about

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HURRY! HUSTLER is back! But we don't know for how long . . . So, if you missed an issue, order it Now! Just fill in the coupon: or call in your credit card order, today!

FEEDBACK

that girl on the May cover featured in a future issue to show us exactly what's behind the "T" in "HUSTLER" on the cover? You could even include her in the acrobat serial.

J. J. P.
Wheaton, Ill.

Thanks for the suggestion. Too bad "The Ed Sullivan Show" went off the air, because we always used to get off on those female acrobats, too. We are presently working on a feature which will incorporate the suggestions you have made.

Referring to all the letters you have been receiving from readers who liked your spreads of models with shaved cunts: I hope you won't go completely "bare" in all future spreads. I am very, very turned-on by hair on a girl's legs, arms, and armpits, not to mention a great abundance of pubic hair that makes a trail straight down from the belly button. There's nothing like seeing a girl in low-slung pants, with one of those hairy trails pointing down from her navel like a highway direction sign!

So please give us fellows who have a fetish for women's body hair a thrill. No hair on the face or chest please, for that is a definite turn-

off. But let's hear it for the beautiful hairy girls of the world.

O. C.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Even though HUSTLER has started a definite trend with our shaven maidens, we still want to give you Fur-Pie fans the "hair" facts. We think a glance at our Honeyes in this issue (especially Dorene) will show that we are doing so. We are also working on a feature which will highlight girls with a rich growth of body hair.

I wrote last month complaining about how I thought the May issue of hustler was a let-down. The June issue is as good as ever, though.

I especially enjoyed the girls in this issue. I would like to see another lay-out of Bonita, and also the girl with John Holmes. Even the girl on your "Hustler Club" ad would be nice (on page 59). I also enjoyed the interview with Weird Harold, the story on Paul Williams, and I always enjoy "Kinky Korner" and the movie reviews.

So, Mr. Flynt, keep bringing us this good magazine with the terrific cunt shots. I highly recommend it to all my friends.

In future issues I would like to see more articles on porno stars, more stocking-and-



garter layouts, and some layouts of women in their 30's or early 40's.

Thank you
Ralph Buchanan,
U.S.A.

We hope you caught our pictorial on Therese (the girl in the Club ad) in our July issue, the interview with Marc Stevens in our August issue, and the Kathy Keeton "Fabulous Fifties" centerfold in our September issue. Thanks for the suggestions.

I envy you your interview with Jody Maxwell in the May issue, especially since she was a classmate of mine. And I didn't know . . . if you ever need a legman for a follow-up interview, I would be happy to oblige.

Also, I am enclosing a check to cover a year's subscription, beginning immediately. And here is hoping sometime in the next 12 months you can show Jody and some of her porn-flick friends in undiluted action. Keep up the good work.

Cheers, M.M.F.

You best believe we'll be trying, M.M.F. Does that stand for "Merry Mother-Fucker"?

Ordinarily I do not subscribe to magazines, but HUSTLER is so damn hard to find at the newsstand, due to its popularity, that I have no choice! Here's my \$15—please send more of HUSTLER!

Steve Ennis
Little Rock, Arkansas

Here's my subscription order. Our local newsstands sell out of HUSTLER the first day they are on the rack. Please start with the October issue.

Q.E. Hunt
Corning, N.Y.



"Alright, who cut one?!"

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hangups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I'm a twenty-year-old guy in the military who would just love to have sex with his 44-year-old mother, who is still quite sexy and attractive-looking. I've felt this way now for the longest time, having wet dreams every night just thinking of what the two of us could do together in bed. I've had sex with women before, but no woman turns me on more than my own mother does.

On my last leave home I was very much tempted to ask her to go to bed with me, but I chickened out, although she did let me take some snap-shots of her in her swimsuit. She also consented to a small kissing session, where we french kissed for about 15 minutes.

Now I'm faced with the temptation again. I'll be coming home on leave again before going to Japan, and I more than ever want to rub my hard seven-inch dick in her face and tits. I already have a plan on how I might give her a few hints—like jerking off in front of her, or asking her to give me a bath, or walking in on her when she's taking a crap and rub my hard red cock in her face, or just parade around in front of her in the nude. What do you think?

Desperate
Mitchell, S.D.

We can't tell whether you're asking for our opinion of whether or not it is "right" to desire your own mother, or our opinion of your tactics for seducing her. If it's tactics . . . well, your planned approach certainly won't leave her much doubt as to your intentions. And from what you say, it sounds as though she could get into the idea herself.

As for whether it is right—we believe that any sexual activity which takes place between mutually consenting adults is permissible. Very few young men don't experience a conscious desire to make love to their mothers, at one time or another. This is especially true in the case of horny, virginal teen-agers, since the mother is the only living, breathing (and often quite attractive) sex object with whom he has constant daily contact. This desire usually fades after the young man gains experience with other women, and we wonder if this wouldn't be the case with you. You say you have "had sex" with other women, but we

wonder how much—especially considering that you have been living for some time in the enforced celibacy of the military?

Practically speaking, we think it's a bad idea. Making love to any woman implies a commitment of your time, your attention, and your emotions. Women have a way of taking an attitude when that commitment isn't lived up to. It's relatively easy to brush off a girlfriend, even a wife, when you are through with her; but you can hardly divorce yourself from your mother. Also, you are going up against one of the oldest, strongest and most universal taboos existent in the history of human society: that of incest. Don't underestimate its power to fuck your head up. You can't be sure that you won't be overwhelmed with guilt brought on by the knowledge that you have broken this taboo. Remember that Oedipus, the character in classical Greek drama after whom this mother-son sexual desire was named, was so overcome with guilt after making love to his mother that he tore out his own eyes. All in all, we would advise you to wait, and give those Geisha girls in Japan a chance; pleasuring a man is their business, their whole lives. They'll make you forget you ever had a mother.

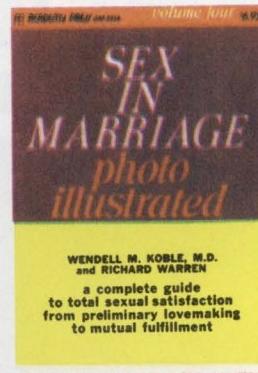
Your advice in the July issue on how to perform fellatio was very helpful to me. I have been using the techniques described in that answer, and it has brought both my boyfriend and myself a lot of pleasure. Now I would like to get into giving "deep throat," and I wonder if you could give me some pointers on how to perform it?

D.B.H.
Steamboat Springs, Colo.

One must learn to walk before one can run; having learned how to give head, the loving lady can then learn to give "deep throat." However, this very sophisticated fellatio technique must be approached through a system of training before it can be successfully attempted. Your throat must be trained not to gag when it is stuffed full of cock (as it is conditioned by nature to do whenever a foreign object is lodged in it). The most obvious way to train your throat not to retch is to put one or more fingers down it. You will experience a few unsuccessful attempts at this before you learn that this is a matter of relaxing the muscles of your throat, which can only be accomplished through concentration and practice.

Once you have conditioned yourself, somewhat, to stifle the gag reflex, you can try it with your boyfriend. However, don't try to take the whole length of his cock into your throat at this stage; just try to get it a little way down your throat, so that you can get used to stifling the gag reflex, and to breathing in rhythm with his thrusts, which is necessary because his cock will block your windpipe when it is in your throat. As the preceding sentence implies, it is necessary for the man to thrust his penis in and out of your throat, rather like fucking your mouth (technically called irrumation), rather than passively allowing you to move your mouth up and down the length of it, as many men do when taking head. Practice breathing on the back-thrust of his grinding action. This "face fucking" technique is best attempted with you lying on your back on the bed, with your head hanging over the edge, and your lover kneeling, with his penis at the level of your mouth. This position allows you to keep an almost-straight line between your mouth and your throat, which is

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HUSTLER

the technique sword swallowers use.

Needless to say, this training method requires a high degree of cooperation between partners. You must both be patient, considerate and methodical in mastering this lovemaking technique. However, the experience should bring you closer together, and it is one of those instances in which learning can truly be fun.

An 80-year-old man, our neighbor, has asked my 18-year-old daughter out. Will my daughter be safe? Can they get it up at that age?

M.H.
Bellevue, Ky.

They can, and do. It is not unheard of for the centenarians (100 or more years of age) found in the Uzbek Republic of the U.S.S.R. to make serious passes at women a quarter their age. Your daughter is probably "safe" in one respect, however: while men of advanced age can still ejaculate, their sperm has lost most of its impregnating potency.

I have a problem getting an erection and penetrating the vagina. I am fifty-nine years old, I don't drink, and my appearance is good. When I do find a woman that I am attracted to, and she to me, when it comes time to have sexual relations, I cannot achieve a full erection, even though mentally I am ready. I have tried having fellatio by women and this too has proved unsatisfactory. I find it difficult to locate women to perform this act, in spite of all the articles that are written to the contrary.

I was married for twenty-nine years, and the last ten of those were virtually without sex. I would appreciate hearing your opinion as to what may be my problem, and what, if anything, I can do to correct it.

J.J.B.
Detroit, Mich.

For inspiration, try reading the preceding letter... The conventional wisdom on post-50 erections is that they are still possible (even probable), but it takes longer to achieve one, and they are not as unflaggingly firm as they were in your salad days. You're not a twenty-year-old stud with a monkey wrench in your pocket, but then, that's part of your charm, right? This factor requires a certain amount of patience and understanding on the part of your partner—which any mature, experienced woman should be able to provide. If you haven't been meeting (and meating) this type of woman, keep plugging—you'll connect sooner or later. Same goes for the problem of finding women whose heads are into giving it. You're not the only guy in this boat, and any woman who has been around will know that.

Also, like any man who has been without sex for a prolonged period (prisoners, marooned sailors and so forth), you have probably repressed your sexual desire during the time you were estranged from your wife. And this period of celibacy happened to fall during the time when the aging process began to affect your ability to achieve an "Instant-On" erection. So, it will probably require a little time, a positive attitude, and a few supportive experiences to revive your sexual selfconfidence. But don't worry—keep hangin' in there, and pretty soon you can stand up and be counted with the rest of the Golden Age cocksman.

I recently gave up my virginity to my boyfriend (I'm 18), and have started taking the pill. We used to use condoms. Now I find that, after making love, fluid runs out of me and stains the sheet—I assume that this is his semen. Is this normal? Also, it is extremely unpleasant to lie in it. I always used to wonder what the ladies-room graffiti meant that said, "it's your turn to sleep in the wet spot tonight." Now I know. I'm considering asking him to go back to rubbers...

Mary L.
Kansas City, Mo.

First, yes, it is normal for you to "leak" after making love without a condom. Much more sperm is injected into the vagina than is necessary to fertilize an ovum; the majority of it flows, due to the force of gravity, down the vagina and onto the sheets. In earlier times it was thought that an effective means of contraception was to stand up, immediately after intercourse, and allow the semen to seep out. This method was usually only tried once, as the usual result was parenthood.

We agree that it is a turn-off to sleep "in the wet spot." However, we don't think that this is sufficient reason to abandon using the pill. The advantage of using the pill—aside from the fact that it is the safest form of contraception—is that it allows your love-making to be more spontaneous and has a greater degree of continuity, since you don't have to take a break in the action while one or the other of you dons some rubber device. Don't forget, the alternative to having a wet spot is having your boyfriend leave your side after love-making, at the time when you most treasure holding him in your arms, so that he can go flush his loaded cock-sock down the toilet. If the wet spot really

ADVISE & CONSENT

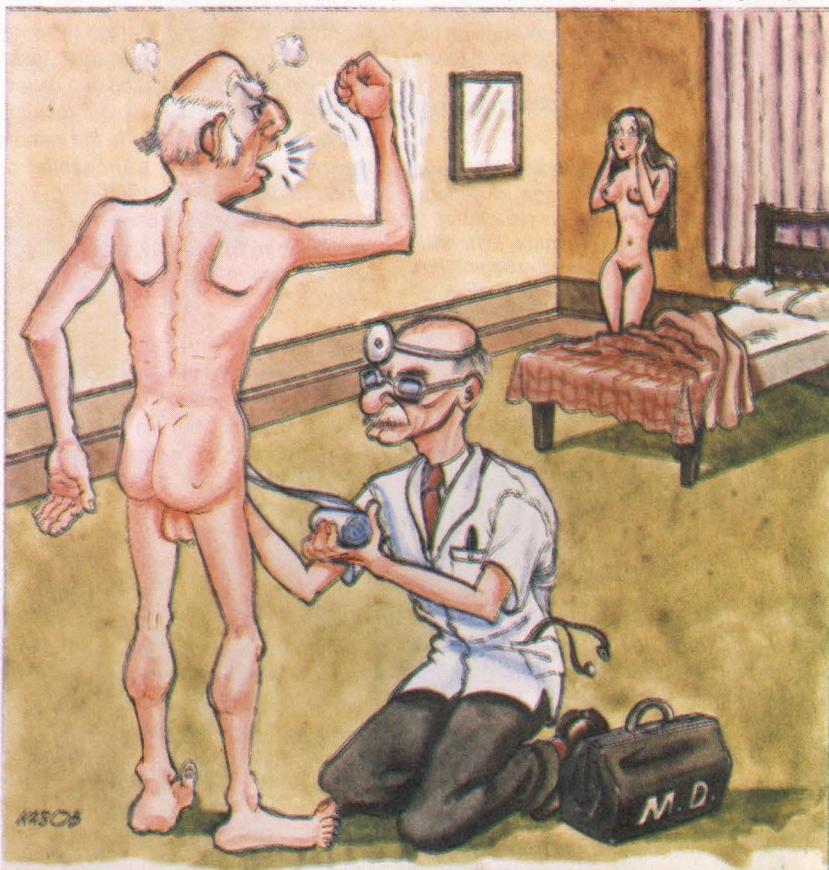
bothers you, try lying on a soft terry cloth towel, or some other absorbent material.

What does "S&M" and "B&D" mean? I've seen them in the personal advertisements of sex periodicals. Also, where and when do all these triple X-rated movies you review play? Nothing like what you review ever comes to a city like Elmira, New York, where I live! I'd like to find out where I can see movies like *Sodom and Gomorrah* and *Wet Rainbow*.

Wayne McClintic
Elmira, N.Y.

"S&M" stands for Sadism and Masochism (giving and receiving pain as a means of sexual pleasure) and "B&D" stands for Bondage and Discipline (more or less the same as S&M, except the passive partner is tied up). Both acronyms are part of the "insiders" vocabulary, by which advertisers in the swing mags transmit their sexual tastes to like-minded devotees.

The main reason triple X-rated porno flicks don't play in cities like yours is because of the most recent Supreme Court decision on obscenity, which gave local authorities the power to rule a movie obscene, based on whether or not it meets "community standards" as acceptable. Only in a fairly large city can an



"Eatin' it" is a figure of speech, dammit!

ADVISE & CONSENT

exhibitor make a credible claim that the community is diverse, sophisticated and tolerant enough to accept such controversial movies as the ones HUSTLER reviews in our "Porn Review." So, your best bet is to scan the movie listings from a newspaper of the nearest city of 500,000 or more, and then make a trip there (assuming such movies are being exhibited in that city). You might also try organizing a campaign to petition local exhibitors to show the kind of movies you want to see.

My husband and I have been married for five years now, and I feel that our marriage is good in every way, except sex. We have only been making love about once every two weeks for the past year or so. This situation is entirely my doing—I haven't picked up on any of his hints more frequently than that, because I just haven't felt any desire to. Sensing my lack of interest, he doesn't force the issue. I realize that I am depriving him—and I hate myself for it—but there doesn't seem to be any way that I can increase my sex drive. It's not a matter of being frigid or disappointed with sex; I usually achieve an orgasm when we make love, and we seem to satisfy each other. I would like it if he made love to me orally more than he does, but I really don't feel it would be right to make demands on him considering how little I am giving him in return.

K.L.F.
Lexington, Mass.

Which came first, his disinterest in giving you head, or your disinterest in sex in general? We'd be willing to bet it was his reluctance (or ignorance of your desire) to make love orally, which has probably dated from the beginning of your marriage. This probably didn't bother you much in the beginning, but it became increasingly important as time passed, and you responded by cutting off his loving. You are telling him through your actions (or lack of them) what you cannot say in words: no lickee, no fuckee. It is often said that the most vital sexual organ humans have is their minds. To this, we would add: the second most important sexual organ is the larynx. Talk to the man.

When I was a kid, I used to hear that if a girl had pimples on her ass, she wouldn't have them on her face (and vice versa). Well, that must be why my girl's face is as smooth as a puppy's belly, because she sure has got 'em on her otherwise delectable round bottom. Now I am beginning to get a few bumps on my ass, too. What does this mean?

Grady Hanrehan
Camden, N.J.

We don't know whether that old saw is true or not, but the pimple-like bumps on your girl's posterior very well might be venereal warts

(condyloma Acuminata). These are usually acquired by direct sexual contact with another person who has them, and the fact that she seems to be transmitting them to you suggests to us that they are in fact venereal warts. Before you start taking her head off for giving you a very mild form of the clap, however, consider this: medical knowledge about all types of warts is extremely hazy. Some medical opinion holds that all types of non-venereal warts are caused by a virus, which means that they could have been acquired by her in an entirely innocent way, although that is not the way she has transmitted them to you. Just to play safe, however, we recommend that you consult a physician. If they are venereal warts, the treatment is simple and painless, consisting of painting the warts with a substance called podophyllin. Or you might try balling a frog.

In the March issue of HUSTLER (Advise & Consent), I read about this woman who was sexually stimulated by the barium enemas given her at cancer detection clinics. Her letter gave me courage to make an erotic anal confession of my own: frequently when I am defecating (known more commonly as "shitting"), I find myself with an erection.

I'm afraid that an erection with defecation is a sign of homosexuality and fear has prevented me from talking about this curious phenomenon. Please advise.

Name Withheld by Request
Los Angeles, Calif.

A large firm stool pressing against the prostate and the seminal vesicles can cause an erection, usually in men who are extremely potent. The pressure inside the abdomen during defecation can cause blood to flow to the penis, which results in an erection. However, there is the remote possibility that you have a urogenital disease which is causing the pressure. In this case, it would be wise to consult a physician. You needn't fear, by the way, that he'll think your anal arousal is homosexual.

My girl and I are in our mid-twenties, and we are sexually attracted to another couple who are good friends of ours. We'd like to swap with them, but we don't know how to bring it up. We've never swapped with anyone before, but we'd like to try it with this particular couple. Can you tell us how we might go about it?

M. S.
Miami, Florida

If you're sexually attracted to this couple, chances are they are also sexually attracted to you. They may even think they'd like to swap with you, but they don't know how to bring it up.

Just get as close to them as possible. You seduce another couple the same way a man seduces a woman. Begin slowly and let it build up and happen naturally. Start talking to them about intimate, sexual ex-

periences and see how they respond. Begin touching them in casual but suggestive ways. You begin spending more time alone with the other woman, and let your wife spend more time alone with the other guy.

Before long, if it's supposed to happen, it'll just happen. You won't have to awkwardly bring it up out of the blue. It'll seem like the most natural thing. Of course, they may be uptight about the thought of ever swapping with anyone. If this is the case, don't take it personally. Just accept it, and don't try to talk them into it, or you may lose their friendship altogether. After all, there are a lot of couples out there who'd happily swap with you if you gave them half the chance. It's all a matter of meeting the right pair at the right time.

I recently tried (on two occasions) to shave my pussy. It's a tricky operation, and when I had finished, the results were disappointing. I looked like Dick Nixon when he misses his morning shave. My hair is extremely dark, and very thick. I thought that maybe some of the models who have posed, with shaved snatches, in HUSTLER could give me some pointers?

Cindy Rogers
Xenia, Ill.

A Tricky Dick for a Tricky Operation? . . . A shaved split may be a real turn-on, but it can also be a real pain-in-the-pussy! A lot of our lady friends report suffering from a shaving rash (like the ones guys get on their necks) as well as the "five o'clock shadow" you have described. This is the result of trying to shave coarse, bristly hair in such a soft, sensitive spot as the vulva. Some recommend using a depilatory — a chemical agent for removing hair—but it must be very carefully applied; if any of it gets inside the lips, into the really sensitive areas of the labia minora or clitoris, it can cause an extremely painful and damaging chemical burn of those parts—a real "Hot Box." But, perhaps you should just be happy with your "five o'clock shadow." A lot of men find them to be a turn-on, for the same reason women get off on guys with a heavy beard—the animal-like coarseness of the stubble suggests a certain funky, elemental sexiness. Besides, we're told that the stubble heightens the sensual pleasure of fucking, acting as hundreds of tiny, sensitive "feelers," when the man's pubic mound grinds against them. 

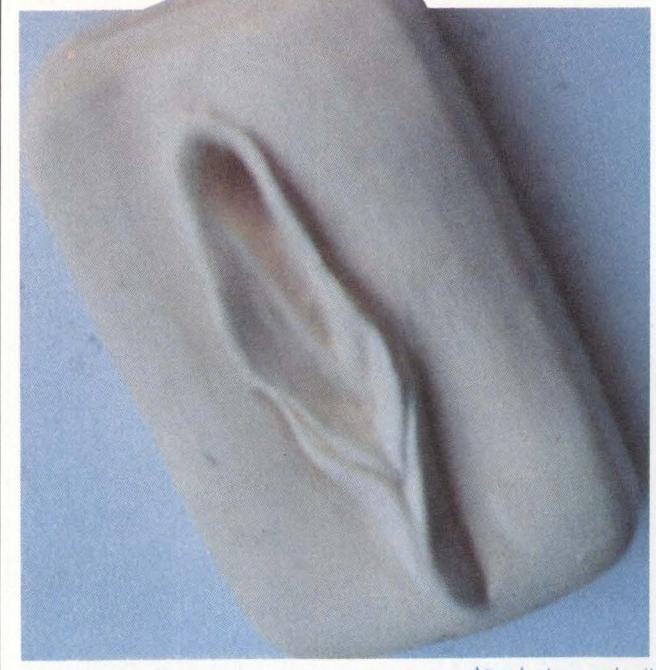
THE PHILOSOPHER

Nothing ends without breaking,
because everything is endless.

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All the suns labor to kindle your flame
and a microbe puts it out.

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BITS & PIECES

GUM CUNT

The thing that makes an artist is the ability to improvise . . . to see into objects and to discover their essence, whatever it may be. Per usual, erotic artist Ed. D. Louie found feminine flavor floundering to be released from this tiny pad of Bazooka bubble gum purchased in New York's Chinatown (of all places!). And Valerie Brown had the

non-sense to photograph it for HUSTLER.

Naturally, quaint oral articles like these make for interesting breaktime conversation pieces among junior high school kids in suburban school cafeterias at lunch. Their questions are esoteric:

Will Double Bubble ever make a comeback? Will Dentyne deliver? Stay tuned for next month's chapter as Wrigley's wiggles free from the "Doublemint" twins, who turn out to be more than casual lesbians!

FREE THE BEACHES!

It seems times are tough all over, including the scenes for nude bathers. Those who found nude bathing practised on the East Coast, in Massachusetts and in New York in 1974, found that 1975 was a period of severe moralistic recession and repression.

In our August issue, we pointed out the restrictions imposed on nude bathers in Cape Cod. Now, we point out that even nude sunbathing is illegal—at Riis Park Bay, Queens, N.Y., where three

sun bathers were picked up early in the season and fined on Disorderly Conduct charges . . . by Federal agents, no less!

If your summer experiences have been bogus or boisterous, drop HUSTLER a note, and we'll try to keep our readers informed of where and when they'll be able to have the most fun in the sun, in '76. After all, we came into the world nude; we should be able to enjoy some of that same sensation during later years.

COLOR BLIND?

Probably not, if you're seeing green instead of red. It's the Jolly Green Giant's old lady's rag (hear the music?).

No one in our Columbus offices believed there was such a thing, until our roving photographer, on an assignment covering the sights, sounds and smells of bus station toilet seats in Iowa, turned up with this candid

photo — an unusually fine clue to the whereabouts and what-abouts of that mythical amazon. The relish-colored rag almost slipped away unnoticed; but per usual for bus stations, the flush-flange on the pay commode was jammed with bubble gum.

If you happen to see "a green one" on your next trip through the Midwest, don't say we didn't tell you so.



BITS & PIECES

ON THE KNOWS?



Cross People with Screen Magazine, and you would probably get something like *In The Know*, newest entry in

the soft sex—and-gossip magazine sweepstakes. *In The Know* strives to combine the sexiness and excitement of the movie mags—featuring articles on Maria ("Last Tango In Paris") Schneider's bisexuality, and New York's Zou drag revue—with the solid professional journalism of *People*. Whether Publisher Sanford Schwarz has hit the happy medium we leave to your judgment. Available at most newsstands, or by subscription (\$7.20 per year) at 355 Lexington Ave., New York City 10017.



DOGGY DILDO

A dog may be man's best friend, but a lot of women we know are getting off on puppy pricks these days. Could it be that diamonds aren't all they're cracked up to be?

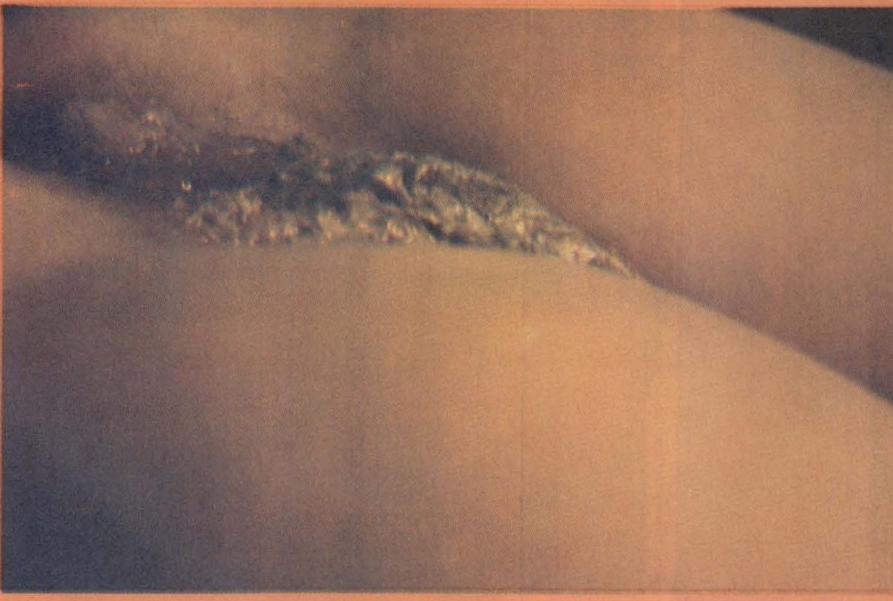
This famous photo might also have been titled "Puppy

Love," but that would have provided more metaphorical overtones than this magazine's format usually accommodates. Now, whether model and mutt actually get off on one another is a question the Supreme Court will not let us answer, so you'll have to get a rise out of the picture on your own.

RABID PUSSY

You've heard about the cunt that had teeth? Well, this one bit a sick trick from Transylvania and ended up with the only effervescent vagina we've seen in ten years. "It's uncomfortable on

long train rides, and in close places like elevators," the victim reported to HUSTLER's investigator. "It foams when the moon is full. The rest of the time it just bleeds."



End Funds For Porno Prosecutors Study Center

Hollywood, May 6.

The Federal Government has stopped funding the anti-obscenity prosecution-guidance center in Thousand Oaks Calif.—and if that sort of things keeps up, the porno industry could lose a reliable source of sales.

Noting "this rather unpopular area of criminal law simply does not fall within our priorities" any more, the U.S. Justice Dept. refused a request for another \$116,000 to fund the National Legal Data Center at California Lutheran College. Impetus came originally from Morality In Media Inc. with New York leadership.

Since 1973, the government has spent some \$350,000 to finance center's six-man staff in its collection of info and exhibits used in anti-porno trials and legal seminars.

VARIETY

SEDUCTION IS THE BEST DEFENSE?

Martin Evans is the moderator of a cable-TV interview program in New York City, which invites its viewers to make videotapes of themselves, then "view the tapes of compatible and available dates," and meet them at parties staged by the program. Considering that the parties sound like one of those "Fuck Parade" singles' week-ends in the Catskills, one would assume that Martin Evans is a well-laid guy.

But, instead, Evans spends his evenings meeting planes at LaGuardia, picking up incoming female passengers on the pretext that he is a "psychologist researching a book," then wining, dining,

and bedding them. According to the charges of 20-year-old co-ed, Beth Peterson, who accused Evans of raping her, after using this ploy—apparently semi-successfully—on her. Evans was acquitted, using the defense that he "seduced" Miss Peterson—that she gave her implied consent by allowing herself to be picked up by him at the airport.

Maybe it says something about the whole "dating service" racket, that a man who makes his living in it would indulge in such creepy tactics as posing as a sincere, trustworthy paramedical professional. Evans sounds like the kind of jerk who would lie on his computer-match form, then slap the "cockteasing bitch" who rejects him, because he doesn't meet up to her expectations.



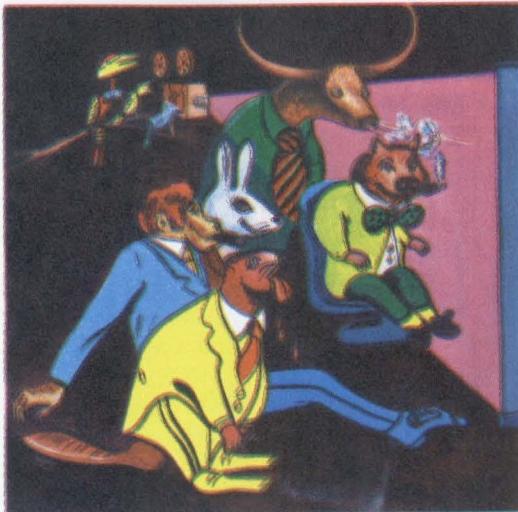
WHICH CAME FIRST?

The chick, the egg, or the photographer?

Well, it obviously wasn't the egg, which happens to be the

chick's left tit. That leaves either her, or photographer Al Dorsa. Knowing Al, he probably captured the image of the model, added the influence of the autumn leaves (his own libido), and then released his wadd on the cutting room floor.

BITS & PIECES



BESTIALITY BELGIQUE

"Critic Week, an event within the main (Cannes Film) Festival . . . will this year go for the theme of bestiality, though most dealers in sexually explicit material in Europe as in America regard sex with animals as beyond even the porn boundaries of permissiveness. The film in question is from Belgium, is

called 'Wedding Trough' and concerns a bachelor farmer with a pet sow. This one has been unreleed in New York at the Museum of Modern Art, of all places." (Variety)

—And if it bombs in the theatres, you can be sure it will probably be on the ABC *Sunday Night Movie* next season.

SON OF BUTCH

You remember last month when we ran the searing picture of Butch, the Polynesian pretender to King Dong's royal bone? Well, Butch has been busy for years, breeding selectively, painstakingly and now successfully, to produce an offspring with qualities to outdo John Dillinger's fabled cock.

Pictured here, the impeccable pecker that undoubtedly will herald the coming of a new "prince of porn"—as soon as he's old enough to legally perform, of course.



BITS & PIECES

NATIONAL HAR-DE-HAR-HAR

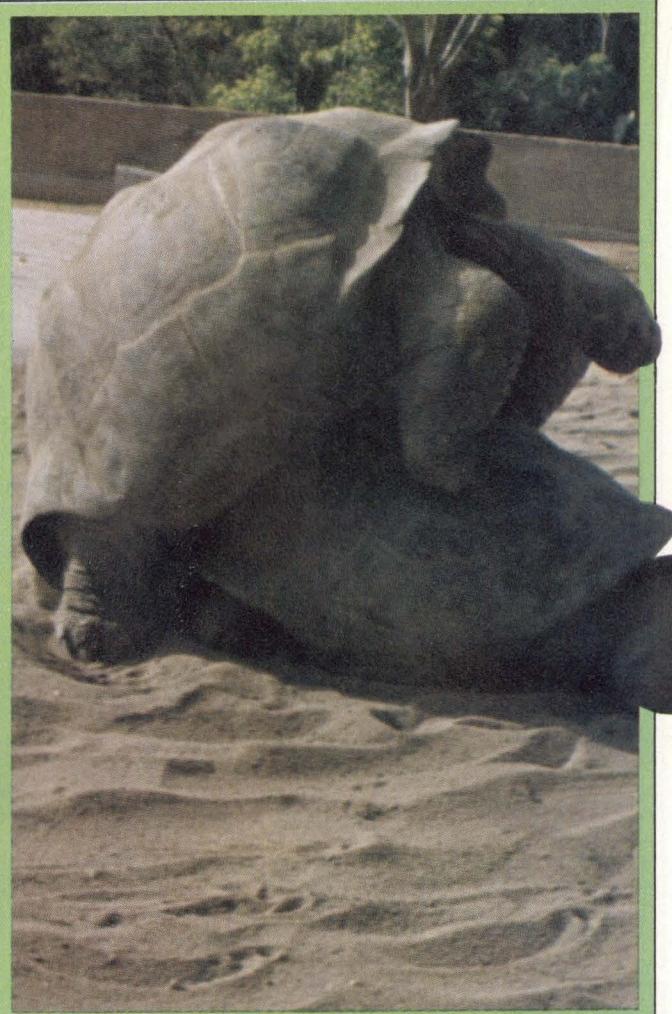
Apple Pie, the new satire rag, sarcastically bills itself as the "All-American Humor Magazine." *Apple Pie* doesn't have the benefit (or burden) of a Harvard pedigree, as does its competitor, *National Lampoon*, so it is a good deal raunchier—and sometimes funnier.



Above is the latest outrage from the impudent pups at *Apple Pie*: a takeoff on the newest gossip-and-sensationalism tabloid, *The National Star*. Like most good satires, *Pie's "National Star"* is so much like the original that you have to look twice before you realize it's a gag. *The National Star* is the working girl's lunch-hour diversion, reflecting their perennial obsessions with Cher's love life, UFO's (and other manifestations of paranoia), and pseudo-professional self-improvement programs. Subscriptions: to *National Star*, 730 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 (\$13 per year); *Apple Pie*, 21 West 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010 (\$7.50 for six issues).

TORTOISE LOVE

Ardent admirers of land-sea livers like the tortoise will especially appreciate this candid, *National Geographic* style photograph of Bonnie and Clyde, famous for their stand-up routines around Anchorage, Alaska. Bonnie and Clyde have long since given up the sea for show biz, hired a press agent, and gone totally commercial, which included a brief stint on television's "Wild Kingdom." When *HUSTLER* tried to contact them for a brief interview, we found they were vacationing in the South Pacific... Maybe next year?



PRETTY MAIDS IN A ROW

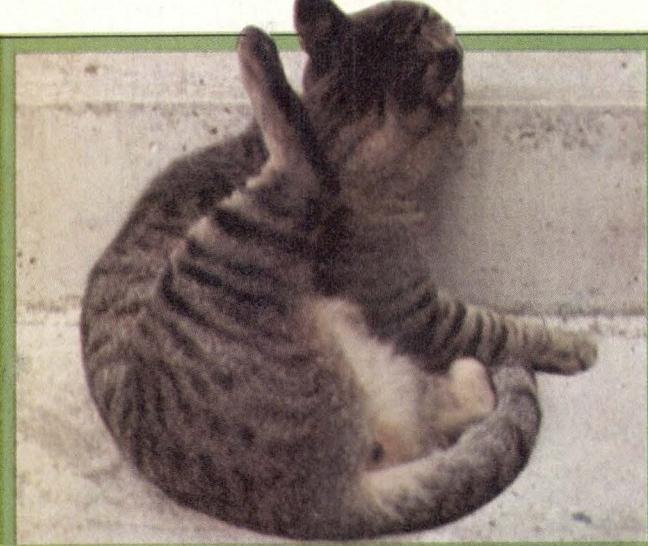
Anyone who has seen the film, *Emanuelle*, should recognize this scene: a gaggle of wives of French diplomats and businessmen

languishing around the pool of Saigon's exclusive Cercle Sportif Club. These cheeky august femmes like to trade adulterous gossip and anec-

dotes while they acquire an all-over tan, which presents a more elegant appearance when humping strangers in airline lavatories.



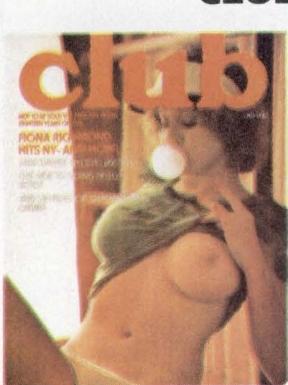
BITS & PIECES



FRITZ OF SKID ROW

Our roving photographer was shocked to discover the once-famous Fritz the Cat among the down-and-out denizens of the Los Angeles "skid row" area. The one-time king of Pet Porn at first refused to acknowledge his identity, but then, shame-facedly, owned up: "Yeah, I'm Fritz . . . I used to be great. Hit movie after hit movie—did you catch the one with Lovelace? Money, cars, women, I had it all . . . Then, my 'friend' Morris turned me on to snorting Litter Green.

That was just the beginning of a long down-hill slide . . . Pretty soon I started missing session dates 'cuz I was too wrecked. Producers stopped calling. I had to hock the Excalibur and the Holmby Hills place. I didn't care—anything as long as I could score! Now, I couldn't make a comeback if I wanted to. That stuff does something to you, man! Makes a strong dong atrophy and wither. Hey, they used to call me 'Fritzie Wadd,' remember? And now look—" So saying, the pitiful derelict lifted his once-sinewy leg to reveal the consequences of a misspent life.



The latest entry in the men's magazine field is a glossy publication called *Club*, originating from England. It seems to be making quite a headway in this country under the watchful eye of Peter Godfrey, himself an Englishman. In Europe, *Club* is known as *Men Only*.

CLUB FEAT

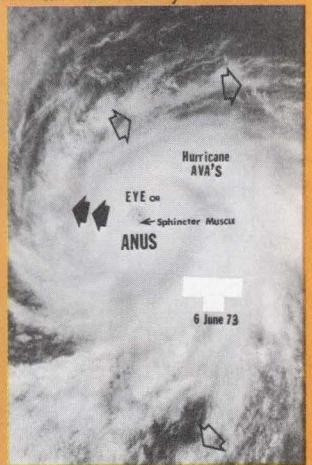
However, due to copyright problems in this country, they were forced to change the name. According to *Club's* publisher, the magazine outsells both *Playboy* and *Penthouse* on the European market. Since its debut five months ago, they have spent a considerable amount of money on radio advertising promoting this fact. It was also reported that Guccione with *Penthouse* called in a bevy of attorneys to try and prevent the advertisements — to no avail. In our estimation, *Club* is the most viable competitor that *Playboy* and *Penthouse* have had, with the exception of *HUSTLER*, of course. We here at *HUSTLER* wish Peter much success with his new venture.

NATURE'S ANUS?

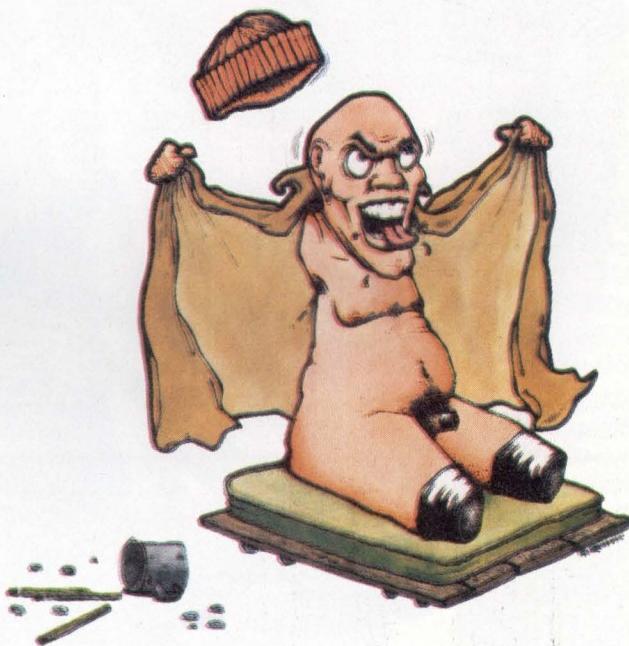
For many years now, the center of a tropical storm, hurricane, cyclone, typhoon, has been referred to as the "eye" of the storm. It can now be revealed that this has been an error of gigantic proportions. Man has been correct to compare the center of these storms with parts of his anatomy, but somewhere along the line, the wrong part was used for comparison.

In the accompanying photograph, we can see that this mysterious, 60-mile across hole, is nothing more than the world's largest anus.

And here we thought all along Guccione held that title.—William O'Henry



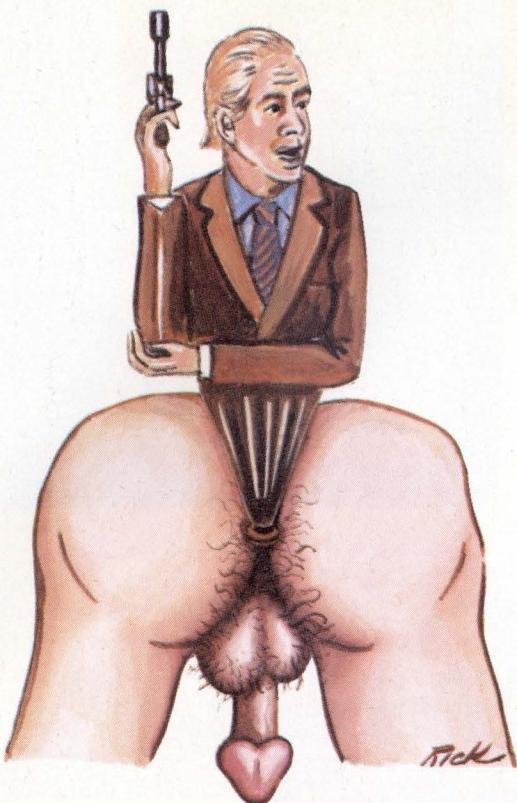
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON





"Now that's what I call deep throat!"

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



A twitch of HUSTLER's sphincter goes to Richard Helms, ex-Director (1966-73) of the Central Intelligence

Agency. It was during Helms' directorship that CIA carried out the terrorist "Phoenix Program" in Vietnam; opium

BITS & PIECES

trafficking by anti-communist Asian bandits was tolerated, the elected government of Chile was subverted, and assassinations of foreign political leaders were contemplated, if not attempted. In general, Helms' administration of the CIA gained it a world-wide reputation for gangsterism to rival that of Ian ("James Bond") Fleming's fictional crime cartel, SPECTRE. That reputation may make the world safe for I.T.T., but it also makes foreign governments feel justified in slapping embargoes on us, or nationalizing our over-seas holdings, not to mention assassinating our leaders.

And now Helms has the unmitigated gall to call CBS newsman Daniel Schorr a "killer," as well as a "cock-sucker" and a "son of a bitch," for breaking the story of CIA's suspected role in foreign political assassinations. Who was Schorr supposed to be "killing"—the Mafia hit-men that CIA allegedly commissioned to kill Fidel Castro? Newsweek reports that Schorr "stammered," after Helms' outburst at him, which is understandable. We would too, if we had just been called a "son of a bitch" by a man known to have ordered the deaths of literally thousands of people.

"SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT..."

That's the way the jingle went in last summer's TV ad campaign for Coca Cola, and in this case the medium really is the message. At first glance it seems just another Hot-Fun-in-the-Summertime soft drink montage, inter-cut with a shot of five pubescent gamblers tripping down a dusty lane. But wait, what's this...there's something else bobbling and bouncing on the darling little girl in the red blouse besides just her squeaky-clean hair. And that robust young fellow in the blue shirt has either been stuffing his jeans with gym socks, or else is cranking up to challenge "Johnny Wadd" Holmes' precocious prick-dom.

All in all, a scene to gladden the heart and hand of any Pedophiliac, and fuel his mid-

summer nights' dreams. The ad never reveals where the fantastic adolescents are

headed—we'd like to think it's to an intimate midnight party on a secluded beach, for a

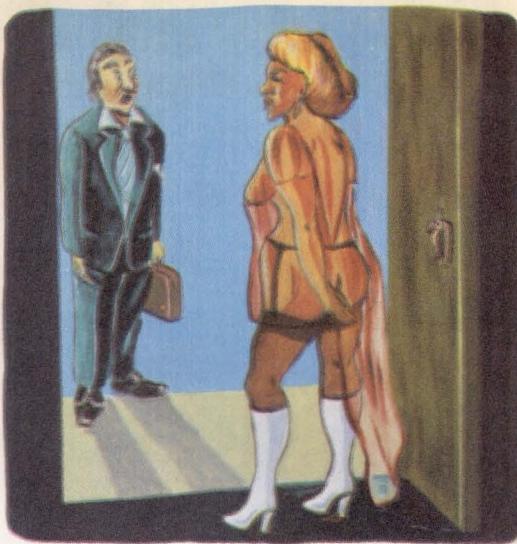
spot of skinny-dipping and Piggies-in-a-Blanket. Have fun, kids . . .



BITS & PIECES

TOTAL HOUSE-SHIT

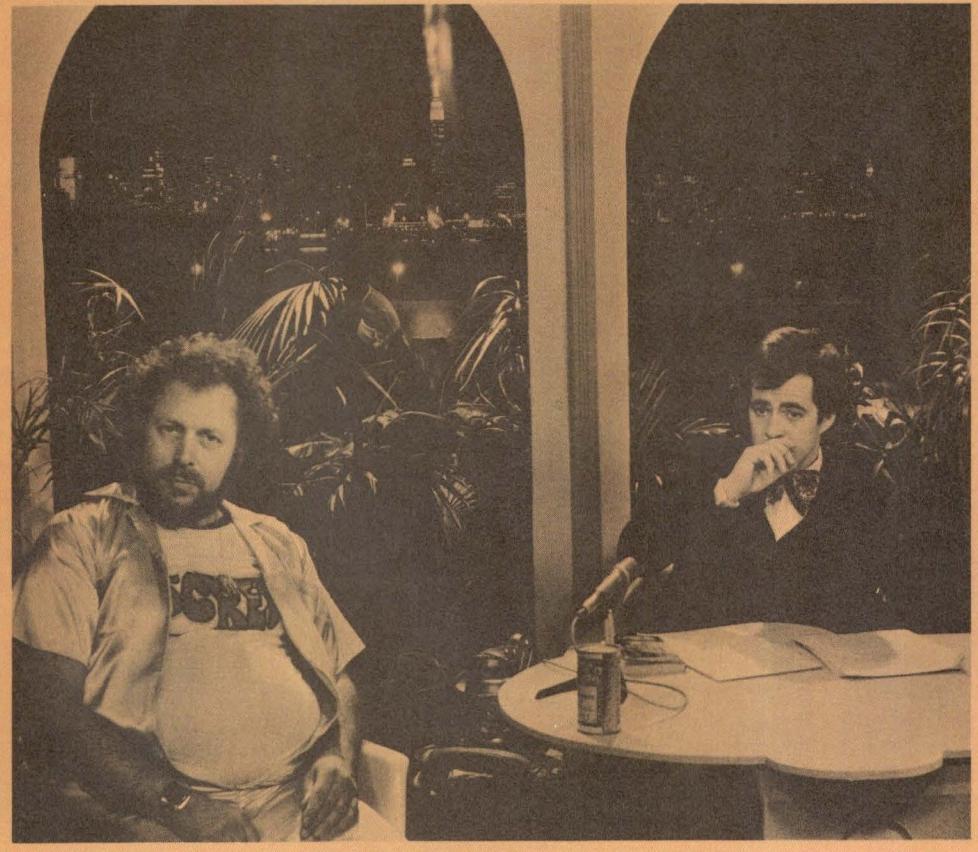
Best news for Male Chauvinist Pig husbands has been the emergence of the "Total Woman" movement, whose guiding credo for housewives is: "Let your husband be your master." The unworthy wife is directed to stifle her impulse to criticize her harried husband and to likewise totally subjugate herself to his every



GOLDSTEIN'S CHOKER (II)

Screw publisher Al Goldstein scored another television "first" recently: breaking wind on the nationwide telecast of Johnny Whoreson's *Tomorrow Night Show*. Goldstein had been making the talk-show circuit plugging his new movie, "Screw On the Screen." Whoreson was halfway through a typically mealy-mouthed diatribe against the "vulgarity" of Goldstein's magazine, when Al raised his left cheek and loosed the anal detonation which blew out the back of his chair and the front of his shirt.

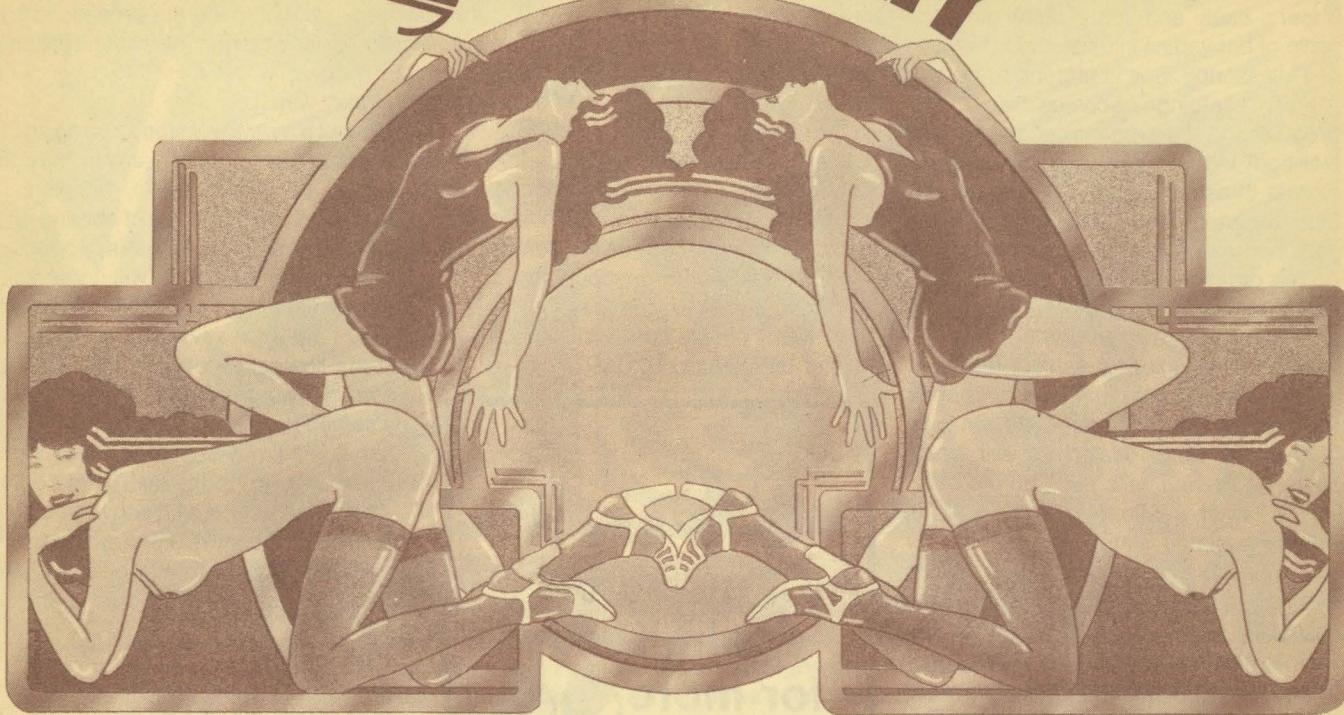
HUSTLER's alert photog snapped this pic just after Whoreson had cut to a commercial and ordered the studio evacuated. "I didn't really mean to do it," Goldstein said later, with a sheepish grin. "But I had been guzzling Budweiser all night, and that's just how that stuff affects me. As for Johnny being hospitalized . . . Well, Jeez, you know how those beer farts are . . ."



taste and desire. Also, to revive his possibly-flagging sexual interest with such ploys as greeting him at the door in the buff and sending him fuck-me notes at the office. The manual-of-arms for this drill is taught in courses—franchised by movement Founding Mother Marabel Morgan—which are given at over 100 localities in the U.S. and Canada. So, if you relish the prospect of being met after a long, hard day by your Better Half, garbed in baby-doll pajamas and white go-go boots, with a two-hour session in mind, check out whether a course is being given in your area. You can find out by writing: Total Woman Inc., P.O. Box 380-277, Miami, Fla. 33138. If the course isn't being given nearby, and you still feel the need to work out your "Stepford Wives" fantasies, try consulting the "Bondage and Discipline" ads in the Swingers' mags.

If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$25 on publication for pictures, news items, quips and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. 

SEX PLAY



Masturbation: The Art Of Self-Pleasuring

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the seventh part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his women the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

This month HUSTLER is pleased to add John Farr to its list of regular contributors.

Farr will be continuing our Sex Play feature with a *sexplicit* guide extolling the virtues, and exploring the methods, of "self-pleasuring." We think you'll appreciate his realistic approach to this — and other — "touchy" topics of cocktail conversation.

by John Farr

Imagine yourself in bed next to a woman. The room is lit by flickering candles, a subtle incense is in the air, and a sensuous Indian *raga* is on the stereo. She has moved her pillow from under her head and placed it under her buttocks. Her head is thrown back, her hair poured out on the sheets. Her eyes are open but slightly adrift. Her lips are parted.

Lifted by the pillow she has placed under them, her hips are higher than the rest of her body, the line of which flows over her curved belly and then divides out to the pointed nipples of her two breasts. Her legs are open, her knees slightly bent and turned out. Her hips and the insides of her thighs all curved inward toward her crotch. Her thick dark pubic hair is slightly damp from perspiration and from vaginal lubrication which is being spread by her fingers. The moist pink lips of her cunt show through the hair and are open.

One of her arms is bent upward, the hand near her head, palm up. The other hand is between her legs, her middle finger extended and slowly caressing her clitoris. She is masturbating.

You watch her, leaning up on one elbow, as she slowly works away at her

pleasuring herself. She isn't in any hurry as her fingers move easily about her cunt and her body lies relaxed on the bed. Two or three minutes pass before you notice a change. Her hips, pushed up by the pillow under her, are slowly starting to move. Almost imperceptibly, they are rising and falling with a circular motion, coming up, moving across, and coming down again.

You watch between her legs, looking at her open cunt as the motion begins to intensify. Her fingers are now moving more rapidly over her clitoris. Her breathing is becoming more rapid, distinctly audible. Her abdomen is rising and falling in rhythm with the circular motion of her hips.

You reach down to the side of the bed and dip your fingers into a jar of hand lotion. Then, reaching between her legs,

you insert two fingers slowly into her moist cunt. She gasps with pleasure as the fingers slide in, filling a void in her, turning her on incredibly. The motion of her hand becomes more rapid, and you move your fingers back and forth, distending the walls of her vagina in unison with her own self-pleasuring. She is starting to come.

Her breathing becomes rapid and irregular and slight moans escape her lips. Her body is moving in sharp convulsions, almost thrashing about the bed, as she digs her hand harder into her crotch and you drive your fingers deeper inside of her. As her orgasm comes, she starts to gasp, her breathing choked off at her throat, a scream finally being forced out from the intensity of the pleasure she is feeling.

The sharp contractions you have been feeling against your fingers die down to an occasional weak spasm as her body, slightly quivering, falls back on the bed.

The two of you lie together for a while, but her satiated state does not last for long. She feels your fingers in her, moving ever so gently. She is turned on again, ready for more, ready to fuck. And the fucking she is ready for is not just ordinary fucking. She really wants to go. Neither of you have to worry about her coming. She has already come. She just wants you in there fucking like crazy. She wants to feel you coming in her. If she happens to come again, great. If she doesn't, that's okay, too. All she cares about now is full-house, flatout fucking.

Masturbation, long held as a taboo, is now being accepted. Expert after expert, book after book, is saying that it is alright. It is more than alright, it is a basic part of a man's or a woman's sexuality, it is the primary way we have of being in touch with ourselves, and it is from being in touch with ourselves that we are able to get in touch with others. For the truly sensuous lover, masturbation comes first, not as a substitute to be used in the absence of a partner, but as an ongoing regular part of your sensual life. Before being able to fully make love to another, we have to be able to make love to ourselves.

While most of us masturbate, few of us have really thought about it as self-pleasuring. Usually it is something we do quickly to get off; sometimes we even feel guilty about it. Learning to self-please ourselves can open up whole new possibilities.

Start with really taking it seriously. Make a special time and place to masturbate. Arrange to be alone and undisturbed for at least a half an hour, preferably an hour. Take a bath or a shower so that you feel clean, and pull the sheets on your bed

back completely so that nothing will be in your way.

Lying nude on the bed, feel your body. Run your hands over your chest and your abdomen, down to your genitals, threading your fingers through your pubic hair. Cup your balls and feel their weight. Let them drop and caress your cock. As it slowly comes to rising, run your fingers around it.

There are two basic ways to approach masturbating. One is fantasy focus and the other is sensate focus. In sensate focus you concentrate on the sensations in your cock and throughout your body. You concentrate on the way it just *feels great*. Many people like sensate focus, but I prefer fantasy focus.



In fantasy focus you concentrate on images that particularly turn you on. When I masturbate I lie in bed reading my favorite pornography. Orgiastic scenes flash through my mind. Men and women are gathered in gay abandon, sampling the delights of fucking, frigging, and eating into each other in every possible combination. Cocks are drawn into mouths, into cunts, and into beautiful tight assholes. Bodies pile on top of soft and voluptuous bodies.

As I read, my cock becomes more firm, first filling out and becoming larger in my hand, then smacking across my belly as it becomes stiffer, and finally lifting off. I can feel the coolness all around it as it comes out of touch with my body, rising free into the air.

I keep a jar of hand lotion next to my bed, one of the many varieties available in any drug store. Opening the jar, I pour a bit of the cool liquid out onto my hand and rub it over my cock. The lotion transforms the feel of it, making my hand slip easily over it.

Varying the pressure, I run my hand up and down, stopping occasionally to rub my palm across the sensitive head, something which is usually too intense for me, but which feels really fantastic with

the lotion. As the passage I am reading progresses, I feel myself building up inside. My ass pulsates, tightening and relaxing. Tubes and glands inside begin to swell, bulging to the brink with explosive energy, until I can feel the sensations from inside extending right up through the shaft of my cock. At this point I can come or I can play with it.

When I play with it, I stop stroking and let the sensations subside. When they are down a bit, I start again, bringing the sensitivity up to the verge of coming once again. How often I can do this depends on my will power. Usually I will come soon, but the longer I can put it off, the better it is. Finally I am so ready to come inside that just the lightest touch with my fingertips will bring my orgasm right up my cock with the semen gushing out and over my hand. I then grip it firmly once again and drive it home, pumping up the last bit of come.

Wiping myself off with a towel, I then lie still in bed, totally relaxing and allowing myself to drift off into a trance-like state. When I get up, I feel relaxed and I feel good.

The problem most men have with masturbation is that we do it, but we don't get as much out of it as we should. The problem most women have with masturbation is doing it in the first place. Once they get started, women usually are able to let go and really enjoy it.

One reason some women don't like to masturbate is that they don't like their genitals. They find them ugly, smelly, and one place they don't like to touch. This is where you can be a big help. Let your woman know that you like her genitals. You like to look at them, feel them, smell them, taste them. If you are lying in bed after making love, lie so that you can look between her legs. Before making love hold a mirror so that she can see what you see and tell her what you like about what you see. If you let a woman know how good you feel about her genitals, it will help her feel good.

Masturbating is playing with yourself as well as making love to yourself, and there is no reason that this playing always has to lead to orgasm. A woman can get into the habit of dangling a hand between her legs and moving a finger around whenever she has the opportunity. If it is not appropriate to come to orgasm, she can save that for another time.

Most women masturbate to orgasm by manipulating the clitoris, not by inserting something in the vagina. Every woman is different in how she likes to do her clitoris, so if you are doing it for her, be sure to check frequently if everything is okay. As

Continued on page 88

X-Rated Reviews

HUSTLER's X-Rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our Hard-On Rating Guide is based on the quality-for-your-money basis. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses; all books are available from your local adult bookstore.

Moviegoers Beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERCTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

HALF-ERECT.

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT.

Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP.

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

MOVIES

by Kalton Lahue

When the film, "Defiance," opened in New York early this year, porno wags across the country began asking the question, "Can 'Defiance' stand its star,

Jean Jennings, do for Sado-Masochism what 'Deep Throat' and Linda Lovelace did for fellatio?" Law enforcement officers in New York and Los Angeles (as well as Chicago, where it recently opened), fervently hope not. In an effort to prevent a repetition of "Throat's" success formula—the big bust, a long and splashy court trial, resounding conviction or hung jury (either one worked fine) and milelong lines at the box office for months after—the long arm of the law has definitely kept a low profile. It has preferred to cross its fingers, toes and even its eyes in hopes that this well-made porno picture with its heavy S&M overtones would come and go as fast as possible.

But that doesn't mean they like it, and the producer/distributor of "Defiance" hasn't made this "let's look the other way" attitude any easier to swallow. You see, lovely blonde Jean Jennings, the star of "Defiance," was only 17 when the picture was filmed, or at least that's what they're saying now. Word from New York has it that Mickey Zaffarano, who's distributing the picture, was given a signed release by Miss Jennings stating her age as 23, and didn't discover the real "truth" until the project was in the can and distribution commitments made so far down-stream

that he couldn't financially afford to pull out.

Now in some states, that little revelation just might have been sufficient grounds for filing a statutory rape charge. But, as New York's age limit for that type of misconduct is 16, the best the authorities there could do would amount to a charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor, providing Miss Jennings' parents had been interested in pursuing the matter (which they apparently weren't), and picking her up as a wayward minor.

"I began dating when I was 13," says Jean Jennings, "but sex didn't come along until a year or so later. Did I start too soon to discover my sexuality? Who can say? You can't put an arbitrary age limit on when it's okay for a person to begin exploring sex—everybody is different, and when they begin depends upon themselves. For some, it may be 10; for others, it may be 20."

Those legal and scholarly minds who struggle with current obscenity laws have suddenly found themselves faced with some very difficult questions concerning the legal ramifications involved with the possibility of a minor who willingly fornicates for fun and profit (including a percentage of the gross) on film. As they

haven't been able to satisfactorily come to grips with the ordinary obscenity laws on the books, this new twist should warp their psyches for a long time to come.

On the surface, the whole controversy smacks of commercialism. And to be sure, some of those knowledgeable in the porno industry saw the appearance of "Defiance" as a fifty-fifty gamble. If it drew only those into, or on the fringe of Sado-Masochism, the flick's potential would be rather limited. But the news that the leading lady was a minor would almost guarantee that the curious would line up to see what it was all about. While it's true that a single film like "Deep Throat" can imbue fellatio with a reasonable degree of popularity and a modicum of respectability (to the extent of even adding a new phrase to the language), the idea of oral sex is not looked upon by PTA members as being quite so distasteful as Bondage and Discipline—now those are real perversions!

"Defiance" tells the story of a teen age girl named Cathy (Jean Jennings) who lands in a private sanitarium, by way of escaping a mental hospital to which she had been committed by her parents. It turns out that the sanitarium's director, Dr. Gabriel (Fred Lincoln), is into "restructuring her personality" by training her to obey his every wish. This training process is enforced by such S&M stand-bys as whippings and bondage in studded-leather straps and brass chains.

Cathy is forced to suck and be sucked, and to take part in group orgies with the other "patients." Gradually, she acquires such a taste for these goings-on that, at the film's end, she elects to stay.

Despite its S&M orientation, "Defiance" has been aimed at general hard-core audiences, and herein lies its importance to the genre, as well as the threat it presents to the dedicated smut-hunters, who see it as a carefully calculated attempt to instill a burning curiosity about Sado-Masochism in the minds of its audience. There is little doubt that a heavier emphasis on bondage and the bizarre would have doomed "Defiance" to early obscurity among all but the faithful, but if you're really interested in seeing what gets a dyed-in-the-wool S&M fan off, forget it—or see if you can find an old print of "The Story of O" playing somewhere.

Those in the business estimate that if you can pull \$600,000 from the average hard-core film, you've done about all you can with it, unless you happen upon one of those rare flukes like "Throat" or "The Devil in Miss Jones." Any half-way smart promotion man would automatically look

for insurance with a "taboo topic (S&M)" film like "Defiance," and with the revelation of Jean Jennings' age, they have it. In its first seven weeks in New York, "Defiance" racked up more than a half-million gross, landing in VARIETY's "50 Top Grossing Films of '75" tabulation, and the way it's drawing at each new opening across the country, it should stay there for some time.

DEFIANCE

Since the salacious celluloid business is supposedly dedicated to that group of overcoat carriers known as "dirty old men" (aka, "guys who would love to ball their own daughters"), I feel that if the girls on the screen are young and virginal looking, then they and their films are bound to get a bigger rise and louder gasp out of the audience.



A pubescent piece currently attempting to expand zippers is blonde Jean Jennings, star and primary orifice of "Defiance." She has that "my clit is sugar-coated and if you lick it you'll get cavities" look about her.

Unfortunately, "Defiance" has that "I've seen most of this before and a lot better" look about it, and while Jean gives an erotically earnest performance, her writhings are wasted as the storyline sinks into sublit sexual depravity with synched in sighs and slurps.

There is also a sextet-de-sucking as smiling Jean takes on a host of holes *a la* "Green Door." While this bit fails to harden one's interest, Jean's masturbation scene (complete with mirror) does record on the crotch level.

"Defiance" is only a painful experience for those viewers who have been waiting to see some stylish flogging and stomping, for the torture is minimal at best. Alas, a few whips and a little bit of chain does not collar the S&M nerve. In fact, it barely raises a welt on the interest muscle.—Bill Margold

SEXUAL ECSTASY OF THE MACUMBA



The makers of this hot, but hardly heavy, slice of cinema, have at least mastered the technical aspects of film production. "Macumba" is a tastefully photographed, almost totally audible motion picture. It even has a semblance of a storyline, and some of the acting (though most of the performing is not the type that one would learn with Lee Strasberg) is genuinely painless to watch.

A plump but delectable blond, Nina Fause, stars as a girl with a golden puss in need of pleasing. Taken in by a stalwart high priest of sexuality, Nina's soul is sent on a series of seminal emissions, including a kidnapped hitch-hiker, a pair of less-than-pious nuns, a frigid housewife, a puzzled psychiatrist, and a not-so-blushing bride.

A prerequisite in adult films is making sure that you fill them with attractive people, and "Macumba's" makers have risen to the occasion with Nina Fause. However, for reasons known only to her closest admirers, the lady wears a fancy red bra throughout her entire pulsating performance. Being a crotch man myself, I really don't care about not seeing her mammarys, but I'm sure that there are those in the viewing audience who like to be breast-led through a film.

Perhaps the makers of "Sexual Ecstasy of the Macumba" are planning another motion picture and are presenting Nina Fause to the public, a piece at a time. It's an interesting thought, but adult films are supposed to show it "all," for that's what sexual sinematics are "all" about.—Bill Margold

THE PRIVATE AFTERNOONS OF PAMELA MANN



Everything "Emmanuelle" wasn't, is the easiest way to sum up "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann." The grinding and groaning days are no longer good enough for the X-rated audience and "Pamela Mann" signals the end to the all-ballng, no purpose, disposable mastur-movies that go in one orifice and out another.

Opulently photographed and majestically scored, "Pamela Mann" takes the exertion out of X-rated. Barbara Bourbon, a regal-looking lady with small breasts and long legs, lights up the screen as Pamela Mann, a housewife whose

afternoons are never empty. A pun-filled script under the deft manipulation of director Henry Paris, finds Barbara willingly taking in, on and off, some hard and handsome guys.

Opposite Barbara, in the superb girl-girl body bout, is the popular Georgina Spelvin ("Devil in Miss Jones"). Jamie Gillis and Darby Lloyd Rains also make a precocious pair, providing Pamela with a very full afternoon, indeed.—Bill Margold

SCREW ON THE SCREEN



Those bawdy bad boys of bang have gone and turned the world's most revolting newspaper into the world's most revolting movie. "SCREW On the Screen (S.O.S.)" is the cinematic equivalent of SCREW, nerd of newsprint prurience.

Filmed in carnal color, "S.O.S." is a merry melange of all the features SCREW readers have come to fear most. Like the comically erratic logic of a SCREW Editorial, delivered from a cave by Al Goldstein, SCREW's publisher and proud possessor of a dramatic range unequalled since the Hindenburg. Like the infamous Peter-Meter, which measures the "hard" in hard-core. Like the diarrhetic diary of Honeysuckle Divine, easily the world's nastiest trooping trollop. Like Smut From the Past, like My Scene, like dirty ads. And more, much more, in this silver screen sleasburger guaranteed to provoke your prurient palate. It's strictly a bring-your-own-barf-bag bash.

Jim Buckley, the film's writer and director and one of the few surviving founders of SCREW, acts as "S.O.S." host. Ironically dapper as he wanders through a netherworld of the bizarre, Buckley leads the filmgoer from scene to scene with the aplomb of a Charles Manson offering candy to Susan Ford. He has concocted a crematorium for the fuck-flick fan filled up to here with the pseudoserial repetition of raunch that has come to mean "X."

What makes "S.O.S." unlike the usual porno product is its humor. Impish, broad, and almost always on target. Gone is the leering laugh of the locker room, the half-

a-wits that fill "The Tonight Show" with the tacky taste of tease. In fact, "S.O.S." in its funniest bit features a sharply sliced parody of the Carson corn, where hosts Jim/Jimmy and Al/Ed demonstrate what might happen if Heere's Johnny dropped his pants to the level of his taste.

"S.O.S." humor does not always succeed. Spots in the fast paced flick go flat. The parade of freaks and geeks with their outrageous acts sometimes fails to amuse. But it does successfully demonstrate, as Buckley and Goldstein must have intended, that beneath the phony tinsel and glitter of ordinary folk, ourselves included, lie hearts of real tinsel and glitter. The dirtiest old man of them all, Henry Miller, could hardly have done more.—John Kois.

DANISH PASTRIES

Not the most erotic entertainment, in spite of several hard-core scenes where an education administrator ends up inspecting "Danish Pastries" in a whorehouse. If you can get it up while you're being begged to laugh, you might get it off afterwards, at home. Pretty girls are a treat.

THE SECOND COMING OF EVA

Extraordinary Eva gets caught masturbating in her sleep by her prudish sister, who sends her to a girl's school for "straightening-up." The headmaster of this correctional facility for "loose women" is the devious heir to a rich uncle's fortune, and he hires on a stable of studs to take care of girls in need of lessons.



Whatever they do wrong at home, according to parents, lovers and husbands, becomes "whatever's right" at school, and the result is average fuck-fare for the regular fuck-flick fan. A few pretty faces, including another "sporting" role for Brigitte Maier.

CHINA GIRL



"China Girl" can be applauded for what it set out to do, which was to combine hard-core fare in a film with plot. The plot, however, is an unlikely spy vs. spy story, and weakly relies on the sex to bring it to life. And vice versa. The sex, which culminates in a scene where Annette Haven, the heroine, first takes on four women and then three men, is mechanical, and at times, joyless.

Producer Summer Brown has a lot more to give than this, and we hope to be reviewing it soon.

PORNO PARADE

This scene seems to represent what we mean by "porno parade." Actually, it's a demonstration by performers protesting prosecution of the hard porno film, "Sexual Ecstasy of the Macumba," now showing in Los Angeles. A lot of people are probably feeling the frustration, these days, as handfuls of conscientious citizenry flex their flaccid muscles in towns from Trenton to Tacoma, thus denying others the freedom to see, read, write and say what they please, so long as it does not injure.

It's hard to believe that prosecution and badgering still go on in a town as notoriously wide-open as Los Angeles, where "fucking one's way to the top" is merely a syllogism.—Bill Margold.

BOOKS

LADIES OF THE NIGHT

streetwalking · madams
massaging · call girls
tricks · partying

LADIES OF THE NIGHT

From the author of *A Gentleman's Guide*



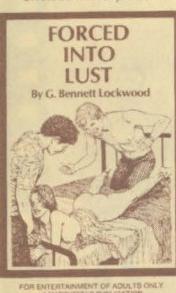
by Susan Hall
Pocket Books #78733
\$1.50

If prostitutes had to rely on this book as their spokesman, there would be an awful lot of whores standing in the unemployment line. Not only are most of the interviewed "ladies" (?) uninteresting to read about, the few sexual incidents related to climaxes are pieces better left unlaid. Attempting to really get down with some "Ho," (pronounce it like you were blowing out a candle) the authoress introduces us first to Kitty, a streetwalker with a mean pimp and an even meaner mouth. One would be advised to check for missing parts after a night with her. From the street we go to a massage parlor where the fairly attractive Sherry tries to jack off our interest. You'll notice that I said "fairly attractive." That judgmental statement was delivered after scanning the pictures which literally "flesh out" the meagerly written material.

Plodding onward, there are brief visits with some girls who toil their tails for a Madam who looks well past her prime, and finally the book wipes up with a trio of "individual entrepreneurs." Among these is Solange, a call girl who might be worth calling, for at least she seems to care, as evidenced by her statement: "I use hot towels on guys who can't get hard-ons. I like to make them warm and comfortable. After all, they're paying for it, aren't they?" Right you are, Solange. I'm only sorry that Miss Hall didn't meet more girls like you.

FORCED INTO LUST

CLP#204 2.25
Chelsea Library Press

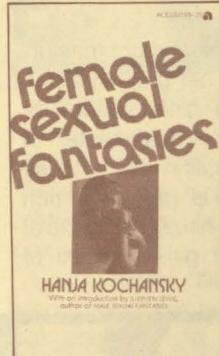


by G. Bennett
Lockwood
Chelsea Library
Press #204
\$2.25

This is beat-off writing at his full-fist best. Come-shots are fired with the rapidity of a

masturbating machine-gun, as the author pauses only long enough for one of his characters to reload. The heroine, Barbara Farrar, goes in search of the sexual satisfaction that her husband, Frank, isn't providing her at home, and after a less-than forcible rape bit, starts laying and playing about with the hedonistic zeal of a true nympho. Meanwhile, Frank is out on the town trying out the throats (and lower openings) of willing women, who think that he's just great. Of course, all ends well as Frank winds up in Barbara's end; but on the way, both put in numerous pubic and pouting pit stops. Barbara is aided by a couple of young fellows who even bring along their own toys. She doesn't need many lessons before she is applying dildos and vibrators to the tenderest of their spots. The author has a great feeling for erogenous zones, and his anal angles are particularly well probed. Prostate poking is a favorite fetish of old A. Roused, and if lots of sphincters are stimulated, then his rating of the book in hand is bound to go up-and-up-and-off-and-off. Barbara's fingers (as well as the aforementioned toys) do a great deal of turgid trotting, and with each added surprise attraction (the recipients are usually caught with their pants delightfully down) to the regular oral intake, the reviewer's heartbeat and handbeats increase noticeably. A good porno book is one that wears out the reader, and all A. Roused can say about "Forced Into Lust," is "WHEW!"

FEMALE SEXUAL FANTASIES



by Hanja Kochansky
Ace Books #23275
\$1.25

Living down to the adage, "getting your money's worth," the reader is provided with about ten bits' worth of porno prose in this cluttered collection of copulating cuties whose collective fantasies wouldn't arouse a randy rabbit. Clinically constricting, and suffering from unadulterated pretensions, the book beleaguers the mind with lots of mini-skirted mouthings by assorted vacuously vaginal vixens. Every type (yawn) of degrading or odd sexual act is fodder for the fantasy mill, and the

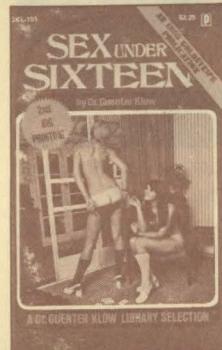
THE PHILOSOPHER

Pain unsettles me when it is weak;
when it is strong it calms me.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

authoress, while comprehensive, is not capable of pulling off any dream or desire dirty enough to cause the reader to start conjuring up his own wishful thinkings. The meat of the matter is beat very thin indeed, and if and when one of the shorty stories (there are 26, count 'em, 26 limp lives in the 202-page snorer) starts to grow, it is cut down by the dull blade of verbiage. Sure, sure, there are orgasms, and holes are filled and emptied, but it is all done so blandly that no one really cares. Gang bangs are a common uninspiration, as are the expected but unerotic excretion and sadomasochistic sequences. For the racist in the room, there is the standard white woman being savaged by the bestial Black, and for those who favor some foreplay with Man's Best Friend, a tail or two are wagged in the right direction. Still, the feverish filth does not flow freely and one is soon fantasizing tearing up the book.

SEX UNDER SIXTEEN



by Dr. Guenter Klow
Eros Publishing Co.
#101
\$2.25

The good Doctor of Written Carnality takes a look at six publically prefabricated tails involving sweet young girls and guys, and comes up with a fairly erect package of panting pubes. Realizing that the masturbatory market is partially supported by men a great deal older than 16, cunning Klow offers up a number of virginal cocks and cunts for the arthritic grabbing. Innocence is peeled away with the ease of a mother's panties being draped over the head of her son's spouting sword. A brother and sister see eye-eye and hole-hole as do a couple of giggling room mates. And for those who are into it, there is even a bit of homohanky panky. Although the sextet of seamy stories tend to resemble each other (lots of orgasms with little work from the puberty people involved), the end result is enough material to stroke up one's interest. Klow has been beating out books for a long time, and while "Sex Under Sixteen" is a recent addition to his raunchy reading room, I can remember some of his earlier writhing work. Such turgid titles as "Sex and the Career Woman," "Four Can Play As Well As Three," and the all-encompassing "Lessons In Seduction," cause the palm to itch and the fingers to twitch in memory of days "come" and gone. This bit of nostalgia must have swelled up because of the book in hand. Ah, wasn't it great to be young? But, how come none of the things I read ever happened to me, or for that matter, to you either? What's that you say, they did, really? Why you lucky... 

SEX BITS

compiled by Richard Crownover

PHILADELPHIA (HNS) — The neophyte who is tempted to shoot up with a little heroin to put some sparkle into his sex life can forget it, according to evidence amassed by drug researchers Jim Mintz, Kate O'Hare, Dr. C. P. O'Brien and Jean Goldenschmidt at Philadelphia's VA Hospital.

In a study of 136 males on heroin, the team found that 43 percent were frequently impotent, and 62 percent often could not ejaculate during intercourse.

The sexual problems of the men improved significantly when they were put on methadone as part of a withdrawal program; and returned to normal when they were free of both drugs, the researchers said.

One complaint during the drug withdrawal program: those suffering from retarded ejaculation developed reverse symptoms and began experiencing premature ejaculation.

The conclusion of the researchers: smack and sex don't mix.

EAST LANSING (HNS) — The double sex standard is not gone but it is crumbling around the edges, say Michigan State University sociologist Arthur Verer and Cyrus S. Stewart.

A comparison of sexual activities among middle Americans in 1970 and 1973 show that more unmarried couples are going "all the way," and with a larger number of partners.

The percentage of 14-and 15-year-olds experiencing "involved levels" of sexuality is up sharply, but with boys outperforming girls at this age level, the researchers said.

"By age 17, however, the sexes are running neck-to-neck," they added.

The younger set may be getting it on sexually, but they obviously do not spend all of their time in beds or backseats of cars. The sexually active young were also found to be the most disrespectful to police, teachers and organized religion.

Other behavior changes in the 14-and

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

15-year-old age group: a big jump in shoplifting, car theft, vandalism, assault, reckless driving, drinking, smoking and drug abuse.

AKRON (HNS) — Why do some women become strippers, and get paid for doing what would put their male counterparts in the clink?

The reason has more to do with our double sex standard than any sexual neuroses, states University of Akron psychologist Edwin E. Wagner.

In a study of female strippers and male flashers, Wagner found that the women were not sexually disturbed in any way, but were significantly more exhibitionistic and voyeuristic than a control group of "normal" women.

Male flashers were also found to be sexually "normal," Wagner said, and less inclined toward voyeurism and exhibitionism than strippers.

So why do some men compulsively expose their genitals in public (but not on a stage)? Because our society does not provide the male with an approved, healthy way of displaying his sexual apparatus, Wagner said.

STONY BROOK (HNS) — Couples whose sexual activities are "normal" but not especially exciting may enhance their sex pleasures by taking advantage of a combination of two therapeutic

methods—humanistic encountering in groups, and skill-training through behavior modification techniques.

This new program of sexual enhancement, worked up by sex therapists Joseph LoPiccolo and Vinnie Miller at the State University of New York, involves increasing one's sex vocabulary, reducing sexual fears by facing them, raising awareness about initiation and refusal habits, learning new sexual behavior, instant feedback ("Stop! I don't like that! Groovy, man!"), sensory awareness, and instruction-films on foreplay and positions.

Followup tests show that couples who have completed the course have significantly higher SII (Sexual Interaction Inventories) for everything from kissing to intercourse.

CHICAGO (HNS) — What do single unattached women, separated wives and divorced or widowed young women have in common? Not a swinging sex life, to be sure, say Dr. Eberhard H. Uhlenhuth and Martin Stern of the University of Chicago's Department of Psychology.

Working with colleagues associated with the National Institute of Mental Health, the two scientists surveyed 721 households on the basis of 54 symptoms grouped in five areas: irascibility, depression, compulsiveness, anxiety and somatization.

Among their findings: women in general suffer more from stress than men; and single, separated, and divorced or widowed young women suffer the most of all.

Despite some evidence to the contrary, conventionally married couples were under less stress than free-living lovers, the team said.

BROOKLYN (HNS) — Researchers at the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy have found that exposure to subway train noise causes the gonads of male rats to stop functioning properly, and decreases the fertility of female rats.

The male rats were exposed to subway

train noises twice daily during weekdays for one hour each time, for a total of 53 weeks. The female rats were exposed to the noise for four weeks before mating and three weeks afterward.

The fertility of the female rats dropped 400 percent in comparison with a group of unexposed control rats. The gonads of the male rats shrunk in size, and they did not produce a normal volume of sperm.

Reproductively speaking, rats and humans have a lot in common, which could mean that noise pollution may turn out to be a remedy for population pollution.

LOS ANGELES (HNS) — Marriage contracting, an isolated phenomenon a few years ago, is becoming commonplace, and interest is so great that sociologist Marvin Sussman, studying the trend under a grant from the Russel Sage Foundation, is now running what he calls a "national referral center" about the subject.

Sussman said the contracts he has studied so far have several common features, including: the ownership and disposal of property and assets; whether or not to have children; child-care; responsibility for household chores; and obligations and rights concerning separate careers.

Some marriage contracts being used also have provisions regarding extramarital sex, changing, reviewing and cancelling the contract.

Sussman says he has collected copies of 1500 different marriage contracts. He predicts that by 1985, most new marriages will be by contract.

BERKELEY (HNS) — Folklore has maintained for ages that a little alcohol not only loosens up sexual inhibitions, but also results in a longer life.

Now it seems that scientists have substantiated this age-old belief—at least as far as longevity is concerned.

Robin Room and Nancy Day of the School of Public Health at the University of California, Berkeley, have found that moderate drinkers outlive both heavy drinkers and teetotalers.

The team studied the drinking habits of 6000 people ranging in age from 21 to 60. The researchers could not determine whether it was the alcohol itself or the overall life-style of the moderate drinker that enhanced longevity.

STANFORD (HNS) — Not all social disease can be cured by a shot in the derriere. Psychology researchers at Stanford estimate that up to 40 percent of all

SEX BITS

Americans suffer to varying degrees from shyness.

Shy people miss out on a lot of life, and often suffer from depression, loneliness and isolation, says P. G. Zimbardo, R. M. Norwood and P. A. Pilkones of Stanford University.

The team said their studies indicate shyness has not been taken seriously enough as a debilitating handicap.

They observe that shyness is a culturally conditioned phenomenon, and that in many societies shyness is virtually unknown. Other authorities have noted that sexual taboos are the primary source of shyness in the U.S.

WINDSOR, ONT. (HNS) — Marriages made up of triads—usually one man and two women—are more likely to work than many of the other alternate forms of traditional marriage now being tried, according to Robert N. Whitehurst, professor of sociology at the University of Windsor in Ontario, and co-editor of *Renovating Marriage*.

"With present urban sex ratios favoring men in the marketplace of sex and partner selection, triads will likely become a more important form of living arrangement as an alternative to conventional marriage," Whitehurst said.

Whitehurst says the number of successful triad marriages now in existence indicates that people are more willing to try that style than many of the other styles.

Advantages of the triad marriage include more income for a family, more adults to share the housework, more adult models for children and a social/sexual relationship for someone who otherwise might live alone, Whitehurst said.

ROCHESTER (HNS) — A woman who experiences itching and swelling of the eyes and vagina, or hives and sensations of faintness, after having intercourse suffers from one of the most dreadful of all afflictions—allergy to the seminal fluid in male sperm, according to a research

team at the Mayo Medical School.

Until recently, female allergy to male sperm was regarded as extremely rare, with only three cases recorded in medical history. With the discovery of a fourth case, Dr. Edwin J. Mikkelsen and his Mayo research team now suggest that the allergy is much more common than previously thought.

The case concerned involved a 30-year old woman who suffered allergic reactions each time she had intercourse with any of several men when they did not use a condom.

LONDON (HNS) — Those svelte women with sensual body lines who claim that eating one chocolate bar causes them to gain weight may be right, report D. S. Miller of Queen Elizabeth College of London and Sally Parsonage of the Slimming Advisory Services, London.

After isolating 29 women who claimed they could not loose weight on diets, and allowing them only 1500 calories a day, the two researchers found that some women used energy so slowly that ordinary diets are not effective.

The researchers also learned why many people who are constantly going on diets eventually stop losing weight even though they reduce their food intake. Their bodies adapt to fewer calories, and thus maintain an excess weight-level even on less food.

The team concluded that any effective diet must take daily energy use into consideration, including the frequency of sexual activity.

NEW YORK (HNS) — "Modified open marriages;" in which both the husband and wife have the right to extramarital sexual relationships, are predicted for American society as a result of new freedoms for women.

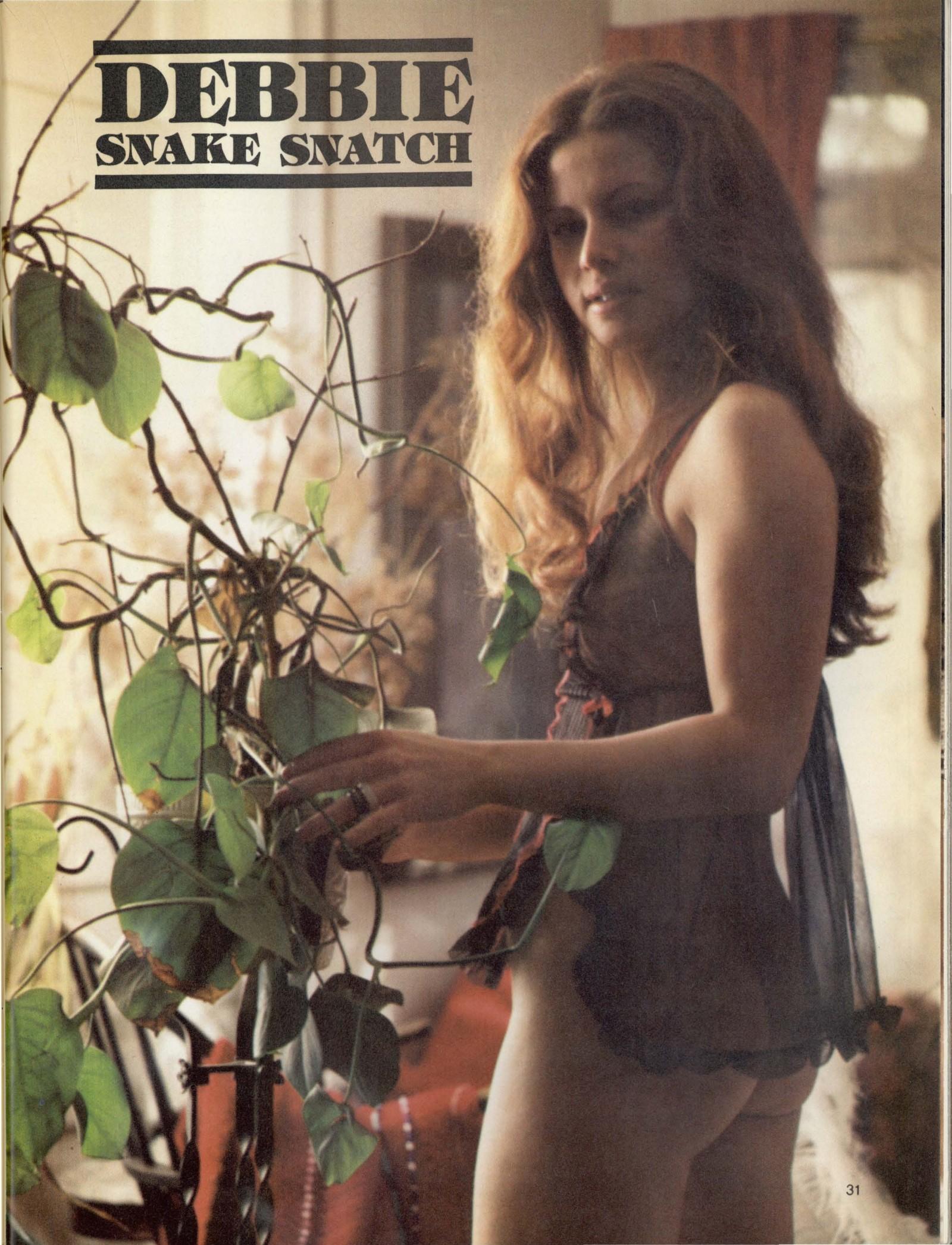
In a wide-ranging look at new ways to enrich, enhance and vitalize family living, the American Humanist Association journal covers the American family, the professional woman and her family and whether or not swinging, group marriages and other forms of sexual behavior are a threat to the traditional "closed" marriage.

Humanists see marriage surviving as a primary social institution, but it will be different from what it has been in the past, they add.

Besides forecasting the growing importance of "modified open marriages," it is also suggested that women, once they have achieved full sexual freedom, will "probably" surpass males in the volume and variety of their sexual activities. 

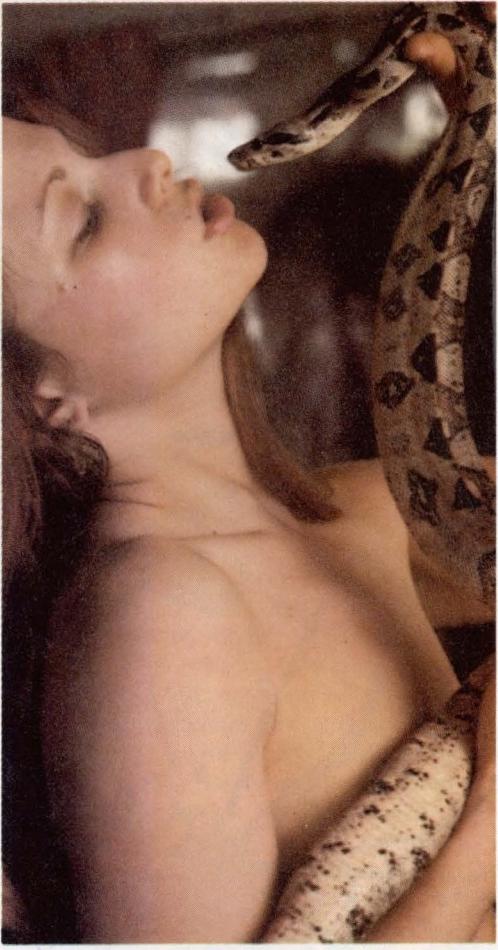
DEBBIE

SNAKE SNATCH





"I became fascinated with snakes when I was fourteen," reveals Debbie, HUSTLER's hot-blooded herpetologist. "I was just starting to get into boys' cocks — the marvelously silky smooth hardness of them. I dug snakes

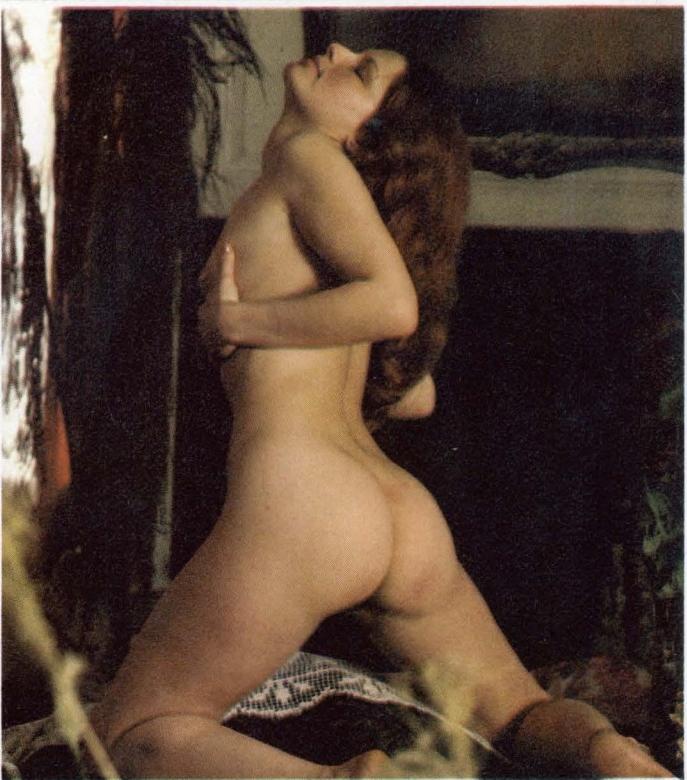




because they have the same sensuous feeling, but with the added pleasure that they undulate rhythmically when they move over your body.

"Even now, I love it when a man rubs the head of his cock against my clit before he enters me. But with my snake, it's like having one endlessly long cock rubbing and stroking me all over my body — incredible!" Debbie has since gone to New York, to seek her fortune. She was forced to leave her Boa Constrictor in the care of a friend in Columbus, but she has been saving her earnings, so that she can buy a 10'x4"x4" shipping crate. Then she and her Boa can make beautiful music together again.



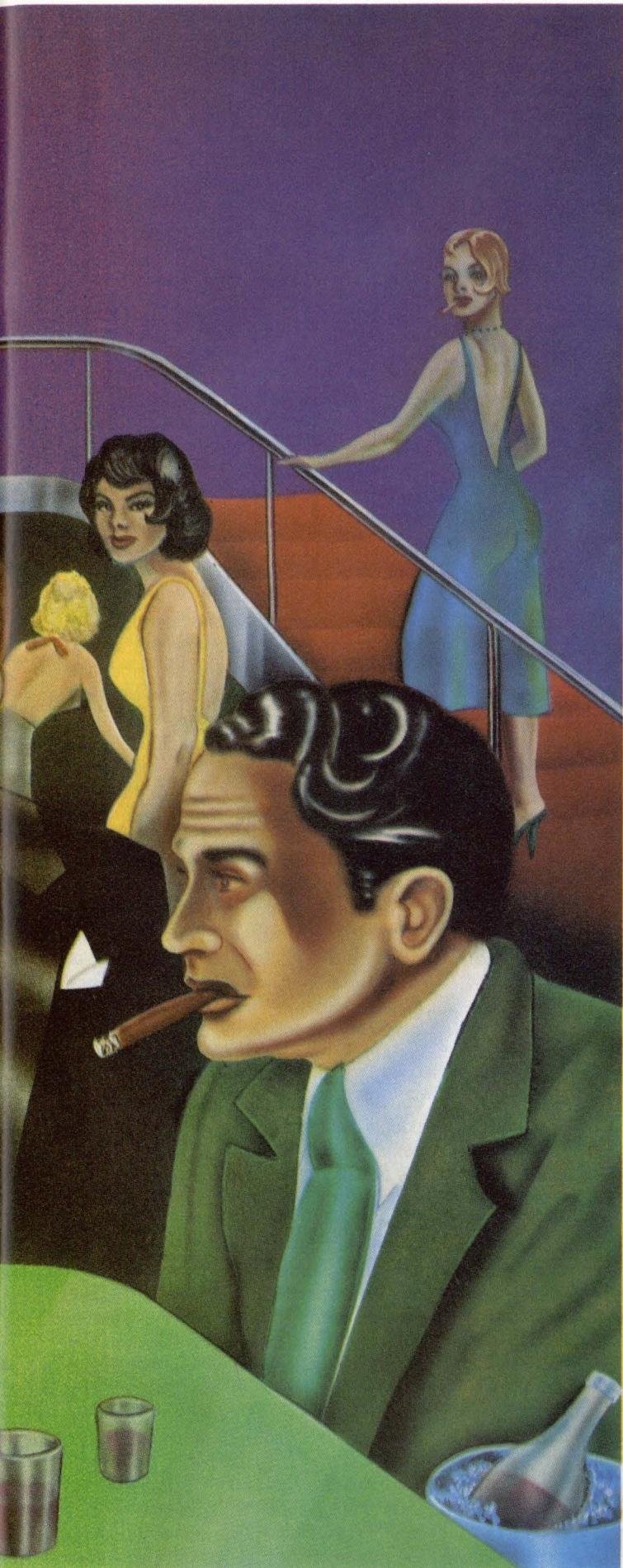






"The Monster that fucked Pittsburgh," take one.





ONE TWO TWO FOREVER

by Laurence Santrey

For years on end, travelers aboard Pan American planes ate food with a whorehouse flavor. Marcel Jammet, the supervisor at the airline's Paris meal packaging plant got his licks in gourmet cooking at the "One Two Two," the whorehouse to end all whorehouses, located at the same number of the Rue de Provence near Paris' Opera House.

Jammet not only owned and ran the great seven story brothel, but also married its madam, Fabienne. Before their wedding, this lady picked up all the skills of the lap-rim-bang trade through horizontal occupation at the best brothels of France and Navarre, where she worked for fifteen years. After De Gaulle outlawed bordellos and Jammet left Pan-American to pimp for St. Peter, Fabienne stuck to the world's oldest profession for twenty more years. Now she's turning to the memoirs racket and is completing an exceptional "who screws how" about royalty, millionaires, professional studs and international stars from Humphrey Bogart to Gary Cooper.

Fabienne claims the groundfloor restaurant and bar at her joint were an equivalent of Manhattan's "El Morocco" and "Stork Club," a smart midnight meeting place for the famous and the great who sought public exposure and the company of their own ilk.

The four upper floors of One Two Two were the contemporary replica of today's packaged tours to exotic places, with 65 handpicked ladies of the night permanently employed. Just by taking the elevator, the customer could play Tarzan to some Jane in a bamboo hut under African tribal masks, embark with an erotic temptress in the cabin of an ocean liner or experience a stormy night in a mock compartment of the Orient Express (which had a clockwork underneath to reproduce the jouncing and sounds of rails). On the uppermost floor, Fabienne installed parlors entirely covered with mirrors, and a torture chamber complete with rack, pulley, chains and a crucifix. In her long experience, Fabienne discovered that men past fifty no longer were content with missionary diddling, and

required deeper kicks from beating, humiliation, pain, voyeurism or another sexually exciting variation. The best-looking Scandinavian diplomat could only perform if he was diapered in rubber sheets like a babe in arms and his partner above him was disguised as a nurse. A famous British earl kept a suitcase full of leashes, dog collars and fetters on permanent deposit; but he was easier to take care of than the Belgian tycoon who wanted to lay in a coffin and demanded to be spat on by a special audience.

A banker by the name of Meyer always sent a two page note announcing his visit. The entire brothel had to be evacuated, because he demanded a welcoming committee at the bottom of the stairs — a redhead, a blonde, a brunette, some tall leggy girls and some squat ones, at least one with pink nipples, etc. All had to wear highheeled slippers and a camelia in their hair, and nothing else. The company would proceed upstairs and tank-up on gallons of champagne. After Meyer had feasted on the view of naked flesh, he would take off his clothes and lead the crowd to a specially waterproofed room. He lay down on the floor and the girls, in specially formed teams of two or three, had to squat on him and drench him in piss — until he gurgled for mercy.

The banker always paid with checks, one for the joint and another toting up a handsome tip for each of the Golden Shower Girls.

One of Fabienne's customers was Frank Jay Gould, the railroad tycoon. Tall, distinguished, with beautiful manners, Gould liked to surround himself with the brothel's best looking girls at a bar table. He bought champagne by the magnum, sometimes got up for a dance and before departing, invariably gave an individual large tip to each of the chorus — without ever touching any one of them. The girls, devoted to Gould, came to the decision that the man simply loved the company of loose women and had no interest whatsoever, in sex.

To general regret, Gould faded from Paris and became a recluse. He could not face the public shame of his sister Anne acquiring hot pants. After an exemplary life at the side of two husbands, Anne Gould, Duchess of Talleyrand, began chasing gigolos. After spending a fortune on the first, the Duchess settled down with a tall Hungarian. In order to show he only consortied with the old lady for dough, the Hungarian surrounded himself with limpwristed gigolos of his own. This became a sight at fashionable restaurants and Riviera galas: the aged Duchess, looking like an oversized prune in sables

or silver foxes, flanked by the spindly Hungarian and his mincing gang of Tiny Tims.

Fabienne learned her trade the hard way. Her lover forced her into the street when she was sixteen, and soon she was bringing in enough money for their joint keep. Things went well until she refused a *pompier* to a customer. For a full night she had her face slapped while she learned the rudiments of deep throat. Her pimp-lover gave her another tough beating to force her into performing another stunt — *feuille de rose* (rimming). Once she discovered the higher prices she could charge for her new skills, she decided to rid herself of the pimp — by enrolling in a brothel. Later, a three year stint at the best whorehouse in Marseilles taught her

fellow laborers at the "122" marked her infatuation with Fabienne with the gift of a lovely convertible. Fabienne promptly shacked up with the dame and not only pocketed her earnings, but also broke in two other candidates, sent them to work in out-of-town brothels, and made them send her their monthly take — like any regular male mac.

The jealous tycoon offered Fabienne a large endowment if she limited her whoring to one person: himself. The offer made her restless; but after the break, without a lover, friends, or relatives, she had no idea of what would be her own fate outside of "122." The ownership of the whorehouse took her off the production line and created a special task for her talents — not that of a *gouvernante*, the usual bedpan career girl who assigned tarts to their tricks and prodded customers about nice tips, but that of managing the receiving line at the restaurant bar, and simultaneously with the recruitment of fresh brothel talent.

Fabienne changed the standards of recruitment. Beyond a pretty face, a good body and screwing skills, she demanded charm, poise and some brains from the girls. Beyond the weekly stints with hairdresser, manicurist, pedicurist, and the wardrobe survey, the new ones received regular drills in how to boost the male ego. Under the spell of the newer charmers, no passing customer at "122" needed special nudging to buy champagne and distribute good tips just for companions. On tips and champagne, the house made good money.

The brothel attracted many irregular customers in town. Married men and mistress, matron and steady lover no longer had to follow the confining *cinq a sept* love-making route at some hide-out. Instead, they could arrange casual encounters at separate tables at "122." If the couple discreetly slipped upstairs, nobody asked any questions — as long as one of the house experts was included.

The many Parisienne *garconnes*, forerunners to Women's Libbers, also discovered the attraction of "122" — the many handsome bucks on the make. One of them was Porfirio Rubirosa, "Ruby," whose secret attraction, according to Fabienne, was his monstrous member. Soon, the talented guy found a french singer to pimp and embarked on a skyrocketing career through women. He successively married a movie star, heiress Barbara Hutton, two of the world's wealthiest women and the daughter of the Dominican Republic's Dictator, Trujillo. It was rumored that Ruby was the model for the character of Dax Xenos, the hero of

The upper floors of '122' were equipped with exotic fantasy settings, a torture chamber, and 65 handpicked whores.

another "do" — making it with women. She was an accomplished operator, front, back and upstairs by her 21st birthday. No wonder her transfer to the famous *One Two Two* soon resulted in her stardom. No raving beauty with her horsey chin, Fabienne had a gorgeous build, a sparkling temperament and the gift to please. Rich men paid not only for her upstairs, but for the privilege of taking her out. Soon, she was sitting on top of the world, making good money, leading the life of independence and loaded with trinkets and beautiful gowns. When a department store tycoon sat her up in an apartment, she no longer needed to pay rent.

Then Fabienne embarked on a strictly male sideline. She turned pimp. One of her

Harold Robbins' novel, "The Adventurers."

Ruby, a great exhibitionist, would have made a fabulous movie or recording star. He repeatedly admitted to Fabienne his indifference for "merengue in bed" — with a quip about the native dance of his island country.

Errol Flynn and his inseparable friend, the Australian Freddie McEvoy, were also regulars at *One Two Two*. Both were addicted to hell raising, in spite of their Don Juan reputations. Already in Lily Damita's string in Hollywood, Flynn returned for periodic visits with Freddie who was nominally a great waterski champion and automobile racer. Actually, Freddie lived off gals. He had the immensely well-kept girlfriend of an Indian potentate in competition with an American oil heiress for his favors. Freddie and Errol were nearly broke but shopping for a large yacht — a present scheduled through the oil heiress' purse. They called her the Old Cow.

Staggering under her diamonds, Old Cow entered the "122" on Freddie's arm. In spite of her reluctance, he dragged her to Errol's table. He made her order champagne by the magnum, before engaging in his usual banter with the crowd at their table.

"Hours later, Errol gave me a signal. I joined their party before noticing the stiff expression on the face of Old Cow. On a nudge from Errol, I watched Freddie's grip. He was holding the hand of Old Cow over his trouser fly," reports Fabienne. The older woman acquired a glassy-eyed stare. At last, she gave Freddie a nod. With a war whoop, he rose and dragged the lady towards the exit.

Forty-five minutes later, he was back. With a pat on his jacket pocket, he gave Flynn the signal. Both retired upstairs with a pair of girls, after ordering Scotch and Champagne. Not much later, Old Cow came bursting through the door with a hotel employee in tow. They were looking for Freddie. His car was parked on the next block. Fearing a scandal, Fabienne told them Freddie had gone to the "Sphinx," another brothel, in Flynn's company and car. After the troublesome pair had gone, Fabienne hotfooted it upstairs. In one of the suites she found Errol and Freddie holding an orgy with the money extracted an hour earlier from the cupid older lady.

One Two Two really hit its stride as an international meeting place through Ray Goetz and Erskine Gwynne. A noted composer of hits and ex-husband of Irene Bordoni, Ray Goetz was an elderly *bon vivant* who launched "122" as a fashion by using the place as a midnight office and

for his mailing address. With fingers still in the movie business, Ray Goetz brought visiting moguls to "122."

Goetz had a prankster twin at "122" — *Herald Tribune* columnist Erskine Gwynne. Blond, frail Erskine could fight like a tiger when drunk — which happened often. But not even gallons of alcohol affected his acid tongue.

"Erskine made my evening by coming in with two striking women in identical page bobs, drizzling with glamorous jewels," says Fabienne, who recognized them as the Dolly Sisters. They were doing their famous twin act with "Yes Sir, That's my Baby," at the Casino de Paris and were being richly kept by Gordon Selfridge, the department store millionaire. Erskine claimed each time Selfridge gave Jenny,

punishable with heavy jail sentences. "Muffdiving" was also considered an insult, and two men had to hold down Gwynne after a big athletic American named Hemingway had called aged Ray Goetz "old muffdiver."

Ray and Erskine had a marked dislike for Ernest Hemingway, who they called Big Mouth. Erskine bet Fabienne that Big Mouth would never ask to go upstairs with one of her gals — he was that much afraid to wreck his Great Lover reputation. According to the Goetz-Gwynne duo, Big Mouth was a bluff in the bedroom, having lost his testicles — a subject he described at great length in one of his books. In Goetz's own admission, eating a woman was the greatest fun a man could experience. He made the forecast: muff diving would be a great American indoor sport some time. Right then, in certain states, it was punishable with the same heavy sentences as "sodomy" or the seduction of minors.

On the other hand, Americans were fascinated by the coin game played at "122." Certain of the house girls encouraged customers to put a large coin, preferably a gold piece on the tables. Hitching up their skirts, they sat crosswise on the table and picked up the money with their flexible pussy lips. According to Fabienne, Marlene Dietrich turned up her nose at the coin game and stalked out in sheer disgust.

The rich tourist crowd also paid good money for private attractions upstairs. Certain girl pairs had rehearsed intimate sketches, the most popular being about the Love Life of Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguette — with a girl in a straw hat and a huge strapped-on dildo impersonating the famous *bon vivant*. On the urging of friends, Fabienne held a private screening of a blue movie, screened by Jean Cocteau, the great writer. The performers in the film were unusually handsome. But when they entwined for their final pretzel position, Pieral, France's famous two-foot dwarf came on; the camera then closed on his enormous, shoulderlong member penetrating the ass of the leading man. Steeped in every type of sex, Fabienne could not be shocked. But she didn't want to encourage the breechloading procedure which had become most popular among British upper classes before the invention of the pill.

By the mid-thirties, Fabienne's calculations began to pay off. The downstairs section of the brothel was selling an average of a hundred bottles of champagne a night, and at times com-

continued on page 90

**Madame
Fabienne was
accomplished
at giving deep
throat, rimming,
and making it
with women by
her 21st
birthday.**

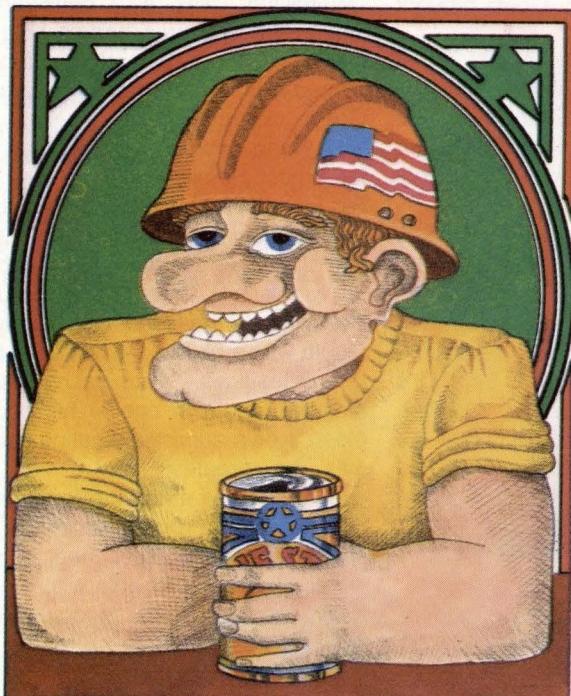
his mistress, a new diamond trinket, she started to pout, "What will poor Rosy say?" and the millionaire had to duplicate his gift. He was so jealous the sisters always went out in a group. Rosy, the tough, less sexy one had the Chicago Millionaire Irving Netcher, for an escort. One evening they announced their engagement at "122." Everyone clamored for a toast.

Rosy Dolly rose, glass in hand.

"I promised Irving I'll suck his cock after we're married. But I'll divorce him the moment he dares to shoot in my mouth."

A chill descended on the bar, crowded with Americans to whom, Goetz and Gwynne later explained to Fabienne, fellatio was not only taboo, but

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

Woman: I bet I can make something rhyme better than you can.

Drunk: Okay. It's a bet.

Woman: 3 & 3 is 6 & 3 is 9 ... I can tell the length of yours, but you can't tell the depth of mine.

Drunk: That's nothing. 3 & 3 is 6 & 3 is 9 ... I can piss in yours, but you can't piss in mine.

A young lady was explaining to her friend how the doctor cured her hemorrhoids.

"Well," she said, "the doctor bent me over his table and put his left hand on my shoulder and stuck his right finger up my ... no ... he had his right hand on my shoulder and ... no. Come to think of it, he had both of his hands on my shoulders!"

A young girl was going to the hairdresser for the first time. The girl's mother gave her a handful of sugar cookies to help keep her calm.

As the hairdresser trimmed her bangs, some hair fell onto the cookies in her lap. As the girl picked up one of the tasty morsels, the hairdresser grabbed her arm in warning.

"Hey, little girl. Did you know you have hair on your cookie?"

To which the girl replied, "Yeah, ain't it a bitch? And I'm only three years old!"

A young dude went to the doctor complaining about a runny cock.

The bad news, the doctor explained, was V.D.

"That can't be," said the dude. "It must be a cold."

"Well," said the doc, "we'll just treat it as V.D. until it starts to sneeze."

A drunken husband trying to explain to his wife why he was arrested for performing 69 on a table at a local restaurant slurred, "She tried to seduce me and when I told her to go to hell, she jumped up and bit me right in the face with her crotch."

The young girl looking for a way to improve her flat bust entered the drug store, lifted her blouse to the clerk and asked him to recommend something. "Sure" he said, "Clearasil, third shelf."

In the darkened movie theatre, a woman whispered to the man sitting beside her, "I'll tell you something if you promise not to let it go any further." She said, "Your hand is on my thigh."

A couple decided to try dog food as they were on a small income and could barely make ends meet. A friend of the woman came for a visit one day and seeing the dog food asked if the couple didn't have a dog. The woman said with prices what they were and their income what it was, they had to. The friend told her that dog food will kill you, you shouldn't eat it. Every time the friend came over after that he would ask if they were still eating dog food. The answer was yes. She would then reply, "It will kill You." One day she came over and they didn't have any dog food and she asked why. The woman told her that her husband died and her income would go further than it would for her and her late husband. Her friend said, "See, I told you dog food would kill you." She said, "No, my husband was at this bar sitting on this bar stool and he leaned down to lick his balls and fell off the stool and broke his neck."

Waitress: Can I help you sir?

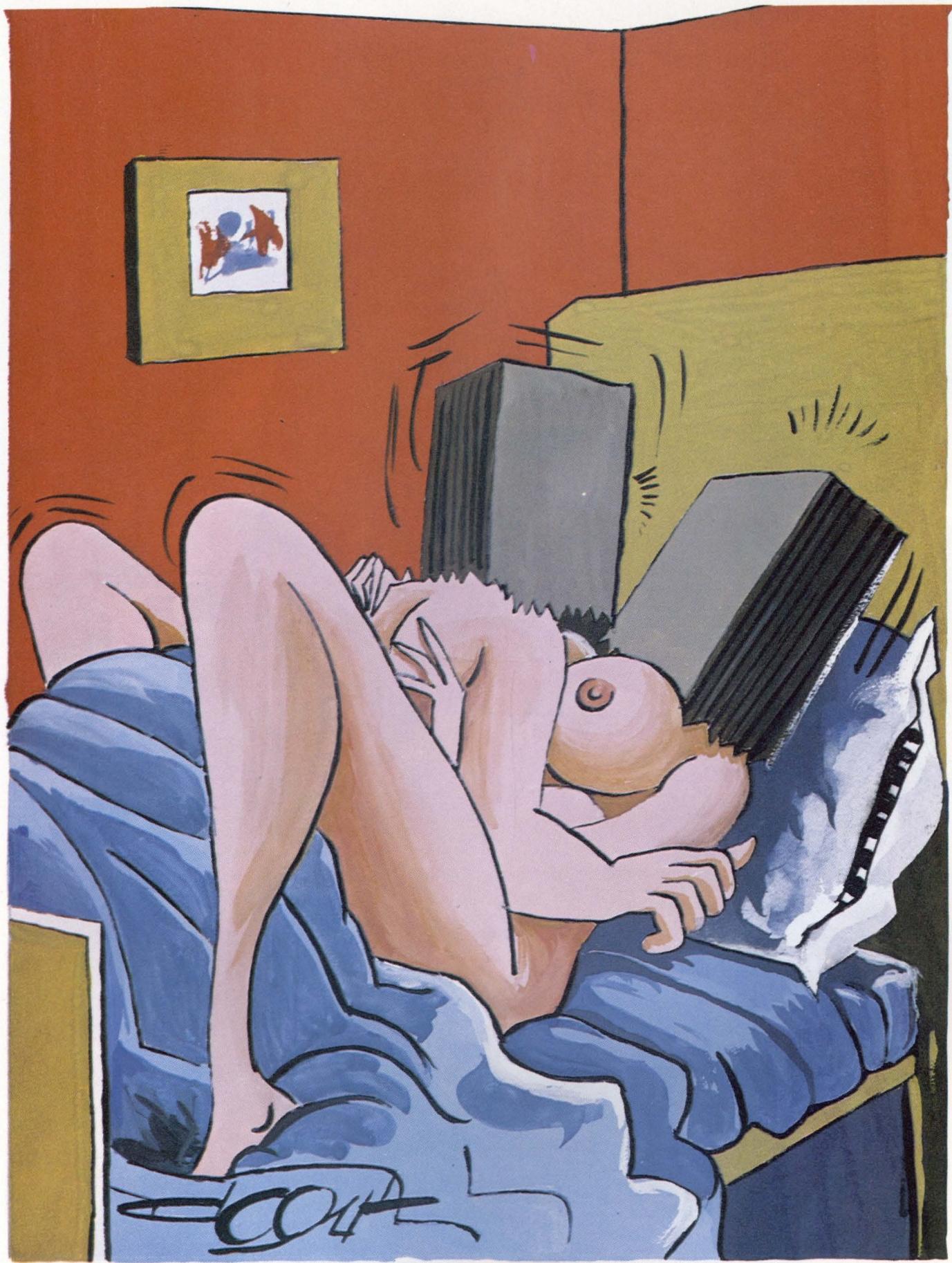
Man: I would like two eggs over 40.

Waitress: What's that mean sir?

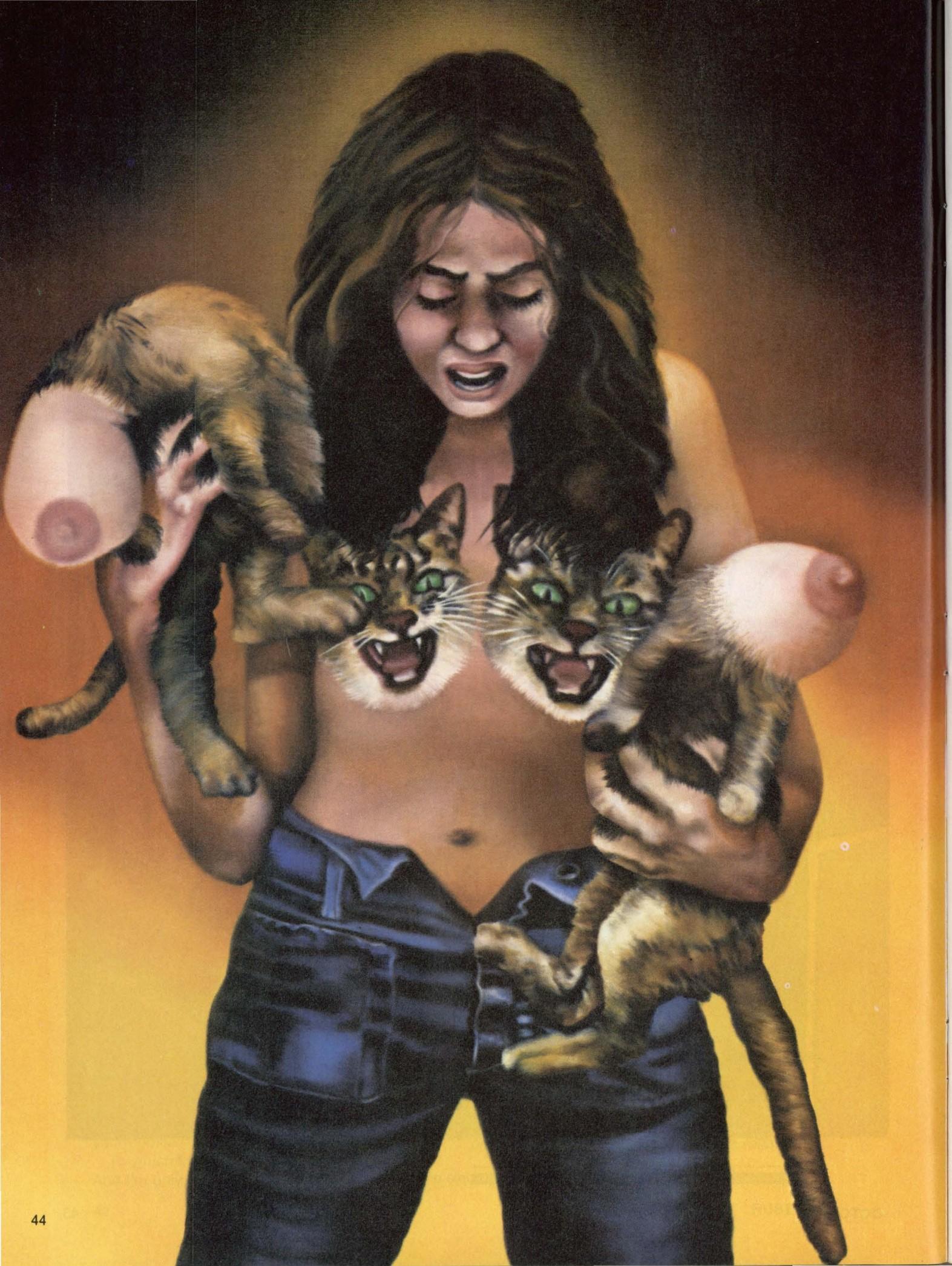
Man: Half hard.

Did you hear that Richard Nixon had to see "Deep Throat" three times before he got it "down Pat?"

Got a gag? HUSTLER pays Ten Bucks for every one we choke on. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes become the property of HUSTLER and will not be returned.



"... We don't do bad for a couple of cross-eyed uglies . . .!"



by Ronald L. Smith

He had waited on line at the airport for quite a while. He glanced at his watch. "If they get to me by 8:15, then I can be in London by 8:22 and everything will be fine." But someone on line mentioned that the energizer was on the blink. This made him tense.

"If God had meant us to energize . . ." he thought to himself, half in jest. He recalled some of the accidents that had occurred before the energizer was perfected. What about the time when twelve people were beamed to Los Angeles and never arrived? That was years ago, back in 2003. Still, it had nearly meant a return to the old ways of travel-rockets.

As the line filtered down toward the silvery, elevator-like time compartments, he checked his student ID card. "William T. Guilne (pronounced Gwiln), 22, blue eyes, type 3-AB hair. Attending South Dome College. Height 5 foot 9 inches, weight 144. Student number 432133712."

The people were filing two-by-two into the sets of beaming compartments. Each beamline had its own rows of compartments, with room for two in each. He mused about which person on line he'd be paired with. He hoped it wasn't some screaming kid or nervous fat lady. After all, he had a suitcase full of books with him and he didn't want somebody knocking them over.

"Beam insurance?" called a vendor.

Guilne felt a shudder twist across his spine. He shook his head at the man. He wondered half in anger why the airlines allowed these vendors to hang around. After all, it didn't make the passengers feel any better, and besides, there were so few accidents these days. At least, none that were given any mention in the daily cassettes. Guine looked off toward the 4th row of gleaming tall metal boxes—the ten beam-compartments marked "London."

"Double your money just for loss of property," another vendor called out.

Guilne turned away and saw that the line had moved up a bit. Pairs were forming and he counted up the people to figure out who his traveling companion would be. His head count came to a halt observing a girl with long black hair. She was standing not far away. Guine double checked his calculations, and his smile broke into a wide grin across his face. It was about time he had some luck!

B SPCE ODDITY

She was slightly shorter than he, which was just as well. But she was packed into her frame in a most delicious manner. She was dressed in casual flight clothes. Her straight hair touched the tops of her ample breasts, and spread like a soft fan around her shoulders. As he saw the slope of her breasts under her tight fitting cotton shirt, he knew they would be incredibly soft to the touch. They were large, too, but not so waywardly, jiggling big as to attract undue stares. She was slightly plump, which was a special weakness for him. He liked a girl he could sink his teeth into.

As she stood in front of him on line, he could avail himself of long sighing glances at her rounded rear. He could write an ode to that backside as he admired the curve of flesh as it spread outward, widening at the round bottom cheeks. It was really a perfect ass.

The loudspeaker droned the various flights. "All those to Co-Op City Nebraska, board at 7th Row, Section R. Beaming to Geneva II will begin in fifteen minutes. Tickets to Cleveland should be held until further notice. Openings for senior citizens with half-fare cards are still available for beaming to New Paris. Beam Compartments ready for boarding to London."

Guilne reflected on the vendor, who seemed to be getting a fair amount of business. "Those people must be negative thinkers," he thought. "I'll put the idea of disintegrating out of my mind."

His odd choice of words seemed to raise a bit of pre-flight jitters. "I won't think about it," he said half aloud. Hadn't he made dozens of beams like this before?

He turned his attention to the gorgeous blossoming rump that poised a few yards in front of him. He concentrated on how delightful it would be to cup those firm rubbery asscheeks and ease his fingers underneath. He tried to figure out if the girl was a college student, like him. She seemed like one.

It wouldn't be long. The line pushed on, and Guine moved alongside his new found love. He smiled, as she glanced his way. He tried to keep her attention, to keep her from turning away. His eyes met hers, looking deeply into the glowing brown, piercing tenderly into her pupils. She turned away rather matter-of-factly.

"For a simple thing like beaming, it takes more time waiting on line," he said, hoping she heard him. She turned around again, nodding in disinterest.

"I haven't been to London in a few months," he said. He waited for her golden tones.

"It hasn't changed," she said.

With that remark, Guilne was slowly beginning to find faults in the face and body of his traveling partner. But, being closer than ever to her breasts, as they gently rose and fell with each breath, softened his critical reappraisal of her. At last he decided to give her another chance. After all, with all the space wolves around, it was perfectly normal for a girl to be icy and cautious. A girl with an open friendly attitude wouldn't last too long. Not in these times.

Just as he was about to launch another try at showing her that he was all right, the vendor re-appeared. The man addressed himself to the girl.

"Beam insurance, Miss?"

The girl glared at him. "I'm not interested. And if you bother me, I'll call a guard. Maybe you'd like to have an accident instead?"

Both the vendor and Guilne took a step back. The vendor retreated into the crowd. Guilne attempted a smile.

"Those vendors can be such a nuisance," he said.

going through water would be worse. There was a chance to get salty water mixed with the blood. But he was no science major. He placed his case against the compartment rack.

"Textbooks," he explained. "The old masters. Poe, Kafka, Dostoevsky. Part of a course I'm taking."

They stood on the yellow square in the center of the compartment, as the beam instructions crackled over the loudspeaker.

"We will scan you for proper position. Do not move. You will stop at the mid-Atlantic way station, and then after five minutes debeam rest you will beam through to London. Do not move."

"Just as well," said the girl to herself. "I get dizzy on nonstop beams. And they're very bad for the metabolism, too."

Guilne nodded. "I guess that's why the companies are cutting down on non-stops and building those way stations. Are you a science major?"

"Not really."

They waited for the beaming to begin. "Do you hear something?" Guilne

disappear. Then he lost consciousness.

When he awoke at the Mid-Atlantic stopping point, he looked over for his companion. It never ceased to bother him how he could sleep and then arrive standing up. Why didn't he fall over before awakening? The girl hadn't arrived yet, which seemed strange. He heard a low, whistling sound that seemed like an animal crying. And then she beamed in, awake and screaming.

Her cries reverberated around the compartment. He couldn't understand what was wrong. Her cries seemed mingled with the screeching of cats. Her face was white with terror and she grabbed him by the hand.

"My God, My God, you've got to help! Help me! Call the attendants!"

Guilne tried to calm her down. He put his arms around her.

"I can't call the attendants. This is just a stop station—we just stand around for five minutes and take off again—there's no way to contact anybody!"

The girl wrestled loose from him and began to take off her shirt.

"What are you doing?" cried Guilne in disbelief.

She wasn't like this when the trip first started. She stood before him now in a smooth cupped bra. Her soft white belly was puffing in and out with great agitation. She flung her hands in back of her.

"Take it off! My bra!" she called out, trying to undo the stays. "Help!" Guilne was struck dumb between confusion and compliance, between cold action and warm lust.

He walked behind her and placed one hand on her firm rump. With the other he deftly unhooked the bra and it snapped around and slid off onto the floor. He put a hand over her shoulder and pressed her close as she turned around.

He looked into her frightened eyes and moved his gaze down to the treasured bosoms he had just freed. His eyes swiftly traveled from her pale neck to her unblemished chest. He smiled for a moment as his eyes continued downward, and there they were—two diamond-shaped hairy faces, with vertical green eyes, and little fuzzy noses where nipples should have been. And now, wailing open mouths! "Cats!" cried Guilne in horror.

He stared in awe. The girl's breasts were two cat-heads. And the heads began wailing and crying to wake the dead. Once their screaming began, the girl started to scream too. Her arms flew high in the air, as far away from her yowling breasts as possible. Panic and nausea fought for control of Guilne, as he approached her

continued on page 94

'Catch my tits!' screamed the girl. 'They're hitting the wall!'

"They're just crooks. They prey on gullible idiots," she retorted.

They moved up the line, practically at the beam compartments. Guilne sighed, hoping that there still was a chance for her to warm up. Perhaps she had had a bad day. Perhaps he was just barking up the wrong tree.

The two stood before the cameras, and were checked and x-rayed for "unwarranted materials." They handed their ID cards to an attendant. Guilne tried to get a look at her card when it was given back to her.

"What college do you go to?" asked Guilne.

"Right now I'm at North Underground Technical. I transferred from Yale."

Guilne was impressed. And relieved that she was a college girl after all.

"You go to North Underground, and I go to South Dome. Isn't that an opposite coincidence?"

They walked through the narrow causeway to their assigned beam compartment. Guilne wondered if they'd be going through the air or under the sea. Through the air was supposedly more dangerous. Somehow he always figured

asked. "Sounds like a cat."

The girl paused to listen. "I don't hear it," she said.

"Sure, they must've attached a pet compartment to us. Pets aren't allowed to travel with humans. They're usually stuck in a built-in cage, adjacent to the compartment. I guess ours is the one with the pet annex. See? There's the door in the wall, leading to it."

"I suppose it saves money," she said flatly.

"Well why make up a special little compartment when you can attach it to a main one?" Guilne replied. At least getting into an argument would be a step in the right direction. But she was so disinterested and aloof.

"I hope we'll leave soon. This waiting tires me," she sighed.

Guilne eyed the soft big bosoms under her shirt. The sound of the beam alert started, and he watched the glow of the green energizing light as it swept out from the vents. A swirling fog of green slithered around the floor. He felt his feet become numb, and gradually the swirling rays rose to fill the entire compartment. Guilne looked down and saw his toes gradually

Heather



southern
gals get
horny,
too

Heather is a librarian in a sleepy little Southern town on the Gulf coast. "I've always loved books," she says, with a charming drawl, "ever since I was a little girl. They excite me much more than 'skin-flicks' do, because the sex is described explicitly, but they still allow my imagination to fill in the details . . . I love to sit at my desk and bring myself to orgasm by squeezing my thighs together, while reading some piece of classical erotic literature. The browsers standing only yards away don't notice, because the only outward sign is that tiny beads of sweat pop out on my upper



lip. And you know the old Southern saying: 'Horses sweat, men perspire, and women have a rosy glow.'

"People have this image of Southern women as being either teasing coquettes, or else demure to the point of being asexual. But we get horny, just like women everywhere — and once we've gotten turned on, we can be as uninhibited and animalistic as any field-hand . . ." So we see.









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HUSTLER INTERVIEW



ALEXANDER JOSEPH

UTAH'S PISTOL PACKING POLYGAMIST

by Ron Offen

Alexander Joseph, 39-year-old ginseng magnate, has established his household of thirteen wives and five children in Glen Canyon City, Utah. Now, federal, state and local law enforcement officials are wracking their brains to legally break up Joseph's multiple marriage. So far, he has stymied them by establishing his own religion, with polygamy as a basic tenet, but it may only be a matter of time before hostile forces bring about his family's demise.

Intrigued by a man so obviously determined to live by his own rules, HUSTLER dispatched Staff Interviewer Ron Offen to interview Joseph at home.

From out of the yellow sky, a dot comes closer to become a bright, shiny twin-engine plane landing on a paved strip slashed through the red desert sands.

Stepping from the plane is the man many consider Superman: famed pistol-packing polygamist, Alexander Joseph. Tall and lean, in western boots and levis, Joseph strides forward and simply says, "Howdy."

HUSTLER: Tell us how you manage loving thirteen wives?

JOSEPH: I manage very well. I'm not preoccupied with sex as perhaps most men, or many men in our country. I say if you are going to be married at all it is better to be into polygamy — then you eliminate all the hassle and distraction which one woman can focus on you. The more women I have as wives, the more free

becomes my sex life and love — but I assure you that with me it is still a very personal and private thing with just one wife at a time. Sure, we believe in the joy of sex—but the joy of creating life is the objective of our loving.

HUSTLER: Do you mean you love each wife just as much as the other?

JOSEPH: Yes, every one of my wives is someone I love intensely—and care for deeply. They all get their fair share of love—in and out of bed.

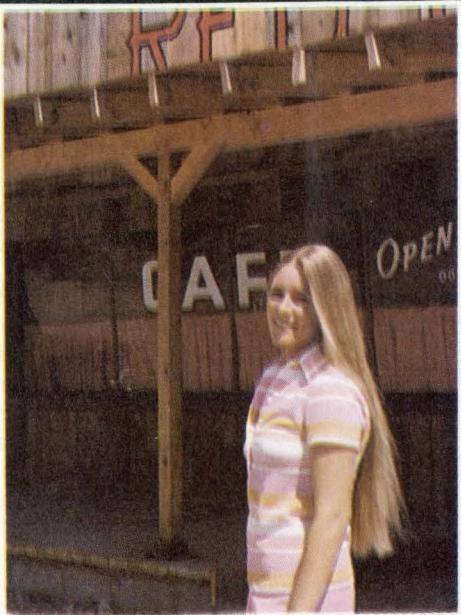
HUSTLER: You are on record for saying that you could sleep with three different women in one afternoon and still have a warm sexual experience with a fourth that night. Is that correct?

JOSEPH: Yes, that is correct—but it is the rest of the world that puts the emphasis on numbers—for example, they ask me what number is each wife. I don't number my sex activities—and I don't number my wives. Each has a name—and to each I give the same full measure of love.

HUSTLER: How do you arrange your day—or schedule your love life?

JOSEPH: While some guys clutter their days worrying how they can arrange a secret rendezvous with some secretary or girl friend from down the hall—I don't have that kind of hassle in my head. In the first place, I don't have the time to devote to such involved scheming. I am a busy man. I support my wives and our children, and also help other families in our group; so the mundane things which encircle and confuse most other guys on how they can expand their sex lives is not a problem to me.

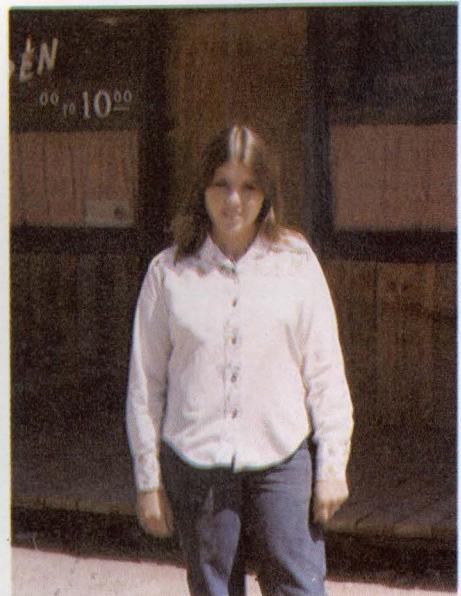
HUSTLER: How did you become a polygamist? Not how do you do it, but



Wife Judy, in front of Family Cafe.



Joseph and his wife, Joan.



"All my women love me the most"

|| Women become better wives and lovers when they know his other wives are doing special things for his happiness and sexual pleasure. ||

rather how did you decide—or when did you decide—to assume that lifestyle?

JOSEPH: I began studying the doctrines of the Mormon Church which I joined after I left the Marines. I joined the Mormons because an angel told me! The ancient prophets and their writings tell how man is made for polygamy—how woman may be made for monogamy. Polygamy is part of our early basic Mormon laws and religion. I am a religious man. Since I was a small child I could almost see as a dream—or a vision—myself as an ancient patriarch—an aged man with a long white beard surrounded with numerous wives and many, many children. We know from the Bible that Solomon had a hundred wives. I don't know if I will have that many or not. I haven't started the beard yet, nor do I have any grey hair. But I'm very busy building the family of my dreams and visions.

HUSTLER: How did you happen to come to Glen Canyon to practice your self-styled religion which is based on polygamy?

JOSEPH: After I was in the Marines I became a police officer in California. But being a member of the Mormon Faith I did not feel that the life of a cop was a right and religious way to raise my family. I have worked as a car salesman, bookkeeper, school teacher, fire fighter, ranch manager and flying school owner. I am good at whatever I do. After my revelation as to my life's purpose, I founded the Church of Jesus Christ of Solemn Assembly, and came here to establish a settlement on a natural tract of land with a base of acreage I purchased. Of course, our government feels that as a homesteader I no longer have the rights guaranteed by our U.S. Constitution. But though they continue to try to hassle my ass, I know I'm right. The political powers-that-be are trying to drive out this entire community.

HUSTLER: Why do you always carry a pistol?

JOSEPH: I have to protect myself against trespassers and some damn fool

authorities who, as I said, are always trying to trap me or my women in one way or another. Did you notice my gun? Read the inscription on the handle of this .41 Magnum.

HUSTLER: It says here in a script finely engraved: "For Christ's Sake."

JOSEPH: You're right. I came here to build a place for my family and our beliefs, but the authorities won't leave us alone. The special forces are always cruising around our homes. We've even found ranger-types up in the dry hills beyond our Cottonwood Ranch using field glasses to spy on the girls. Maybe they think we lead such a natural life that we wear no clothes. When one of our "family men" went out to speak to them they said they were from the Fish and Game Department. But we don't live and love to make games for the various S.O.B.s of the law. What difference does it make if we wear clothes or not, or live the way we want up at our ranch in the hills? They won't leave us alone. There ain't a corner of this planet where you can go without being molested.

I can take you to meet many a sheriff around these parts, and other so-called "good guys" in the law enforcement divisions of this state, and to meet some of the many wives each of them have. One nearby officer has three wives—but, of course, he doesn't declare his true life or love-style the way I do.

HUSTLER: Why do you make such a practice of telling and showing the world how many women you sleep with, or rather have as wives, when it is illegal to have more than one wife?

JOSEPH: I feel I have nothing to hide. These are beautiful girls with lovely bodies and bright minds. I live by the word of the ancient prophets. Polygamy is a basic tenet of our religion. Our Constitution says that in this country we can be free to follow the religion of our choice. That is one of the freedoms that our constitutional birthright guarantees us.

HUSTLER: Do you believe that such freedom as polygamy applies to men and women both? Do you agree that any man or woman could screw with as many partners as they wish?

JOSEPH: If a woman lives with more than one man it is destructive for those men. But women become better wives and lovers pleasing a man's appetite when they know that his other wives are trying to do special things for his happiness and sexual pleasure. If you think number two tries harder, you should see the love I get from numbers ten, eleven, twelve, etc. But again, I don't classify my wives as numbers. I know each of their names, and

continued on page 67



"Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you . . . "

lynn

my pussy does the talking



Lynn had just drifted off, after her usual "Meatless Monday" regimen of dressing for loveplay, in the (usually vain) hope that one of her more imaginative lovers would make an unscheduled and surreptitious entry, when her French-style telephone rang. She groped for the receiver, in a fog of doziness:

"Yes? . . . Umh . . . Mnnn . . . Huh, you want to do what?? . . .

"Ooooh, that sounds delicious . . . But first, let me slip this robe off, so you can get at them . . .

"Ummm, yes, darling, my nipples are hard, but your tongue is making them harder . . .







"Oh, darling, you can't know what that does to me, sucking the inside of my thigh . . . Ohhhh, yesss, lap my love juice . . . but just for a little while, alright? . . . Then, turn your body around, because I'm going to suck you to death . . . "

During this time, her lips had parted and her nostrils flared, like the blossoming of a young and tender bud. "No, wait, darling . . . stop . . . I'm about to come . . . I want you inside me . . . Ohhhh . . . That's it! . . . Split me in half! . . . Daaarling, I've got to put the phone down, now . . . From now on, my pussy does the talking . . . "





ALEXANDER JOSEPH

continued from page 60

know each one of them intimately, and I love each of them in her own special way without any form of measurement — unless you might say my wife's bustline totals thirty-two miles.

My wives know the difference between love and sex, and they are all with me to have both together all the way. The difference between love and sex is one big thing. And I don't mean just a tool. I mean it is caring. If any woman doesn't think she would know the difference between love and sex she should just try sleeping with seven husbands in one week. At the end of that week she would know the difference between sex, good sex and good sex with love. Love makes the difference. And all my women love me the most.

HUSTLER: It must take a lot of bread to support a brood such as yours. What is your income—or your source of income?

JOSEPH: As to the figures... I'll keep that to myself . . . like information about size. But the source of my income is the several companies I have under the name of Red Desert Industries, which is the best producer of fine ginseng.

HUSTLER: Is that one of your secrets of screwing? Do you keep it up with extra amounts of ginseng? Isn't that still credited as the best source for good strong erections?

JOSEPH: Sure, I take ginseng. But I don't take it just for sex. It is more than just an aphrodisiac. It is a rejuvenator, and a cure for impotency, increasing virility. But it is very contributive for prolonging life, curing hangovers and insomnia. The Chinese claim one sage who used ginseng lived two hundred and fifty years and had twenty-four wives. Wars have been fought over ginseng and the root has been sold for its weight in gold.

HUSTLER: Who buys your ginseng? Is it for studs like yourself?

JOSEPH: Our greatest customers are retirement cities — places like Sun City, in Phoenix. I don't know if it changes their sex life . . . but I know those are great markets for our Red Desert Ginseng which is the greatest. I have it packed using five-hundred pounds for a million capsules, while other forms may use less

“ My wives don't share me, for they don't own me. You can't share something you don't own. ”

than one-hundred pounds within the same number of capsules.

All my wives take ginseng, too. It's a good pep-up for the blood. It is a cleansing agent for the blood stream.

HUSTLER: Do you think your wives are better in bed because they take ginseng?

JOSEPH: I'm good in bed and that makes them good.

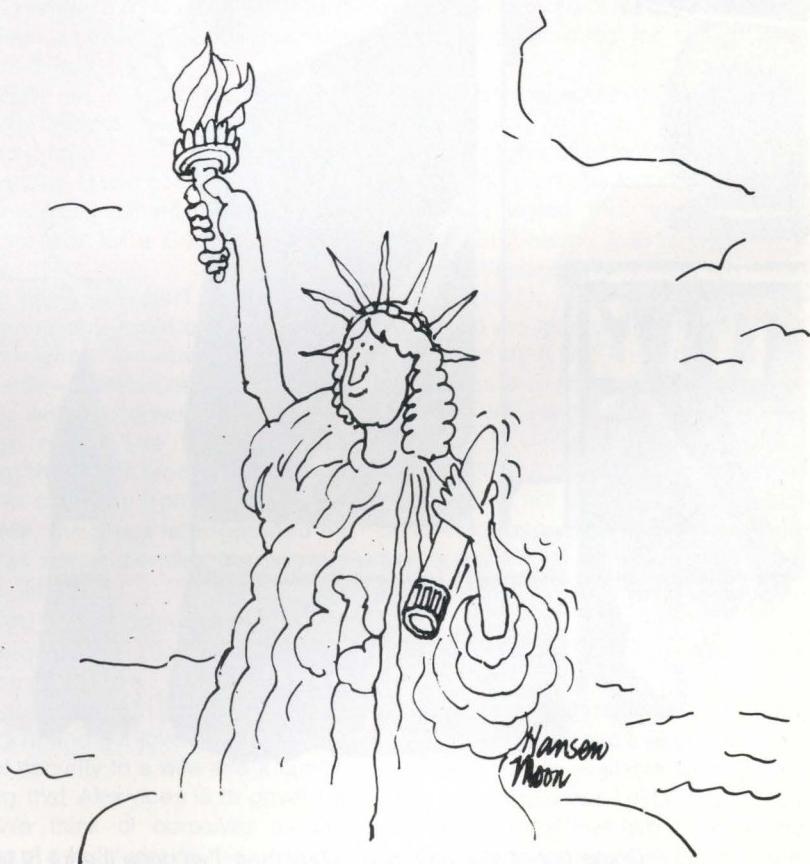
HUSTLER: What forms does your love take?

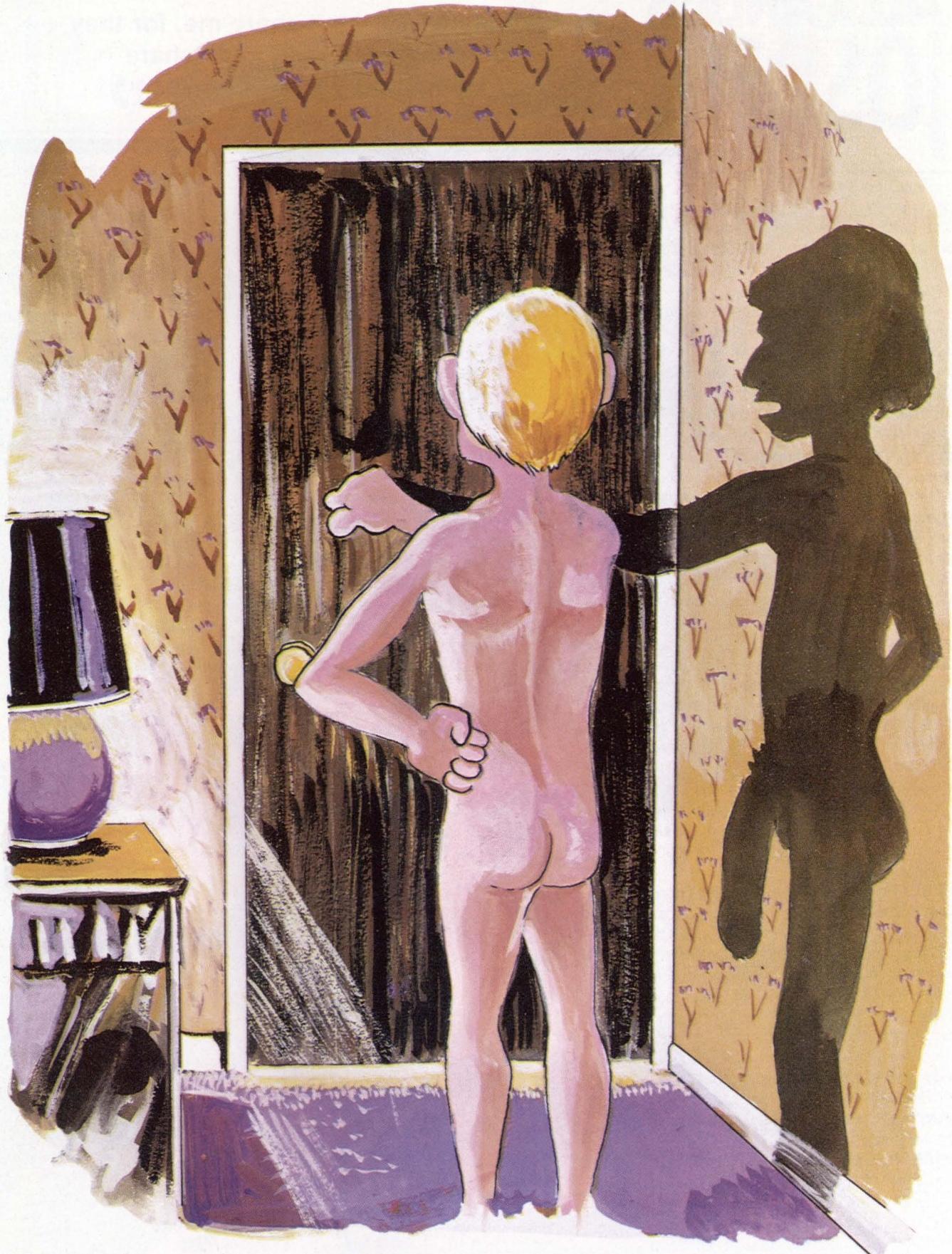
JOSEPH: The love we have between us—and that is myself and a wife—is a physical exchange between each of us and no others. It involves two bodies: a man's; mine, and a wife's; mine. My wives don't share me, for they don't own me. You can't share something you don't own. We are all free. The doors in our houses (actually we have three) always lock from the inside. And I always say that any of my wives are free to leave at any time they think they are not getting enough love. I only say, "Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out." There are enough women

for everybody in this country. Probably eighteen million more women than men. Why not have plural marriages if people choose as we do, and make more people happy? I'm not a fiesty person. I'm a friendly person and a lover. I say love and let love. Women keep coming to me on the street all the time and say, "I want to marry you. I want to be part of your family." I say, "O.K., Lady, but let's talk first, and see how you like the plan." I never slept with any of my wives before we had a long talk. Some talks take longer than others. I decided to marry Judy after fifteen minutes. And I asked Paulette (age 16) after some thirty hours of conversation.

We want a life with love and without hassle, a life where we hurt or bother no one. But it is not easy. Women are to be used, and loved—but not abused. I remember as a kid I heard fellows say "That's my girl." I said "Oh, who gave her to you?" I believe we are all free. That is the best relationship.

The only thing that keeps us together is





" Come out of that bathroom, Maryanne, I've done it a lot of times, and I never hurt anybody. "

our religion, our belief in love, and a love for each other. When I want to marry a girl, I often have the other wives meet her first and we discuss it between ourselves. I make the final decisions. But, meanwhile, I kind of like to get their vote. They have never voted "no" yet. When I took on a third wife, it was because I loved the other two, and so on . . .

HUSTLER: Where do you meet all these women?

JOSEPH: Would you believe they spot me on the street and stop me—and come up to me—or start writing letters, calling on the phone, saying they want to marry me and be part of our family, and share the love we have for each other? They learn of our plan based on the teachings of the ancient prophets and they want to return with us to the real and the meaningful way of life. Our lives are based on mutual respect—and a great love. We love each other and the way we live. We are not trying to convince anyone else to change their life or join us for love.

HUSTLER: How does this all fit in with the authorities?

JOSEPH: The authorities don't want us to live the way we do and proclaim it, even if they live in a similar plural marriage way themselves. They want me to change my standards and way of love to fit into their little box-like attitude. Don't ask what my sex standards are. I've just returned from New York where I made another appearance on a TV talk show. One of the lady producers asked me when I was finishing the show, what kind of a lover I was. I could see ahead of her question that she was getting ready to pop this one on me. I am glad to take the time to appear on all these shows, and to tell the world what we, in America, are entitled to. But, I do not go there to screw. Anyhow, the lady asked me if I was any good. I said she would have to decide that for herself, and asked her if she would please join me for dinner and then spend the night with me at my hotel.

I'm still waiting for an answer, surprisingly enough, because I thought she, being in the communications business, would give me a mighty quick reply. I just wanted her to find out for herself instead of taking anyone else's opinion, in particular mine, which is, of course, slightly slanted. Or would you say prejudiced, just because I and my wives know I'm good?

HUSTLER: Then you do believe in having sex with women before you marry them?

JOSEPH: No! I didn't say that. I said that I have never slept with any of my wives before we were married, or before we had long talks. All agreed to marry me after

Any of my wives can leave when they think they are not getting enough love. I only say, 'Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out.'

they heard of the plans for our family, which is part of our church: The Church Of Jesus Christ in Solemn Assembly.

We have no formal membership—but we have a lot of friends who agree with us in our faith, like Eric Lassen who is a former philosophy teacher at the University of Montana. He lives up there at Cottonwood Ranch with three wives and his six children. We haven't many homes to show up there yet, in the canyon—almost everyone is living there tent-style with an oildrum shower. But when I tell that to the girls who want to marry me, they have always said that was O.K. with them.

HUSTLER: What are your weddings like?

JOSEPH: Well, first, my family is in attendance. That is, my wives and children who have already met my bride to be, and approved. Then most of our friends who can come, are there. And most of our friends . . . or I might say, all of our friends that are involved with plural marriages. We are the ones who think you all are weird. And at the wedding of course, are lots of angels who fill the air with good vibrations. The weddings are usually high on the hill; just natural, real and full of love.

HUSTLER: So you have other businesses besides the ranch—or rather the ginseng crop?

JOSEPH: Yes. I have a restaurant here in Glen Canyon City named the Red Desert Inn. Come over for a Coors Beer or a Coke.

Entering the Red Desert Inn is almost like entering any small cafe along the road throughout America. A counter on one side—a series of booths along the other wall and down the middle of the large room. The Western motif visible on the rough wood exterior and high front could be from an old movie set. Inside, the place is brightened by one of his wives: slender, curvaceous blonde Joan.

HUSTLER: Joan Joseph how do you feel about being married to Joseph in this form of polygamy?

JOAN: Most men don't know how to give. How to give and get love. How to give a feeling of security to a wife and a family. The thing that Alex does is to govern a family. We think of ourselves as the beginning of a multitude. We think in terms

of many families. Life on earth is just a probation. A stopping place. We think and plan now for the hereafter—building our big family for the hereafter.

HUSTLER: Don't you think one man and wife can be happy together?

JOAN: I feel sorry for a man with one wife. Have you ever heard the saying: one wife is wretched; with two wives he is miserable, but with three wives things start to click and from then on he is a free man, freed to be a real man? A woman is also free in polygamy, for in our family everyone helps in the household and everyone helps in the restaurant. It is a big job running and managing a family—but we all help together. We would like to have one big house. Now we have three, but no one is tied to any one house.

HUSTLER: Does Joseph stay in any one house?

JOAN: No. Our husband is free to come and choose whichever house or wife with whom he wishes to live. All of us "sister-wives" leave that decision to him. Each of us hope to become a mother for him, having one or more of his children. We all aspire to motherhood for our growing family.

HUSTLER: How would you describe your "sister-wives?"

JOAN: We have all different types of girls in our plural marriage family. But, I think you would agree they are all above average in beauty, brains, looks and healthy attitudes. We know any man would be glad to have any one of us. The reason we are here is Alex. He is one of the chosen men. We know that. We feel that he has a super intelligence, a super plan, and we want to help him reach his goal. He has a master plan that gives a meaning to our lives as wives together with him. It is not just his personality that captures or hypnotizes us. Some people think he must have a power or a charisma like Charles Manson. That is not the case at all.

HUSTLER: How did you meet Alex Joseph?

JOAN: I met him through my philosophy teacher at college. I had a \$6,000 National Merit Scholarship available to me. Alex was a speech teacher. I didn't like him too much when I first met him, I thought he was kind of a smart ass. Alex began to talk

to a group of us. He told us his theory about evolution, and the predictions of the ancient prophets. I admit I had ignored him at first. Then I began learning more about plural marriages. A year later he returned to give a message to my sister... who later married the philosophy teacher. . . who, later on, also had other wives. In the course of twenty-four hours I knew I wanted to marry Alex. I knew that a man is nothing without a woman. I wanted to be a wife of his, to be part of his growing family, to be part of his plan as first began with the prophets. I was hungry for the things he wanted to tell me. I was anxious to be part of a plural marriage with Alex.

Polygamy provides a sense of fulfillment I never experienced at the First Baptist Church in Billings. We wives all live according to the laws of God, and my husband is my God. I know that I am nothing without him. You can't imagine the power of this man with all his wives behind him. Behind every great man, they say, is a woman. Just think how great Alex will and can be, and is now, with all his wives to back him!

We live and love according to the principle of enlargement that is real and true. Our love and life is expanding. He is undauntable because of us. It is a mysterious principle but it is true.

HUSTLER: Is every plural marriage the

same in concept? You seem to think yours is special.

JOAN: We have a lot of "sister-wives" in our family now. We can be a sister or a wife—but we are all dedicated to the same man—helping the one man we love build the family as outlined in the early writings of the prophets. We are not at all a typical polygamous family. I am constantly astonished at the difference. In some plural marriages the husband will have a separate house for each wife. With us, we all live together as one family. And, as "sister-wives," we all live together as one family. And, as "sister-wives," we all love each other because we know we all love Alex.

HUSTLER: Doesn't Alex have favorites. Doesn't jealousy occur and create tensions?

JOAN: We don't get hung up or hurt on any favoritism. Alex sleeps with whomever he wishes. Alex has eight children: five are here now. He lives with his own doctrines as his guide, basing his beliefs on the messages he has received both from above, and from the Bible.

HUSTLER: But do you believe in heavenly love alone without sex?

JOAN: We all believe in sex. We know that all life and growth begins with sex whether it is apples, bananas, peaches or pears.

HUSTLER: Do you feel more dependent or less dependent?

JOAN: In my lifestyle there is a marked absence of emotional dependency. In a sense you learn to be yourself and be a real individual. There is no time for endless, pointless chatter that exists in a monogamous marriage.

Into the restaurant comes another wife, a beautiful blond named Judy.

HUSTLER: How did you decide to marry Alex?

JUDY: I had met Alex earlier through friends. One night when he was visiting friends at our campus, he asked a whole group of us girls from our sorority house out to dinner as his guests. He seemed to be kind of cocky when I first met him, but I was quite impressed with what he said. He told us so much of the ancient prophecies he had discovered.

I had been trying long and hard to know what God wanted me to do with my life. I felt I had some purpose which I hadn't yet found. After hearing what Alex said, I realized God had a plan for me. I prayed and prayed a lot about it, and studied the doctrines and writings Alex wanted me to read.

Finally, I knew that the next time I saw him I could confidentially tell him he was the man I wanted to marry. For me he is the God in my life. When I made that decision I knew I would leave all my friends, my family, everything I had known as part of my sorority country club-type life. But I married Alex because I felt I had a purpose and I could be part of his plan. When I came to meet all of his wives, I couldn't believe how sweet and kind they were to each other and to him. I knew then and there I wanted to show him how good a wife I could be also. The sweeter they were to him, the more I knew and felt I should also try to become a better and better wife and lover to him.

HUSTLER: Then you believe his plan does involve more than just sex?

JUDY: Oh, yes. We are all part of the family he wants to grow and multiply. We think of the day when maybe some of our children will be the same age as a new wife Alex will be bringing to meet us. As for children, that is something each of us aspires to. We all talk among ourselves and know what time of the month any one of the girls can become pregnant. We discuss this and then tell Alex of our decision at what we think is the right time. We all would like him to sleep with the particular wife who at that time might become pregnant to enlarge our family for Alex, our God.

HUSTLER: God, huh? He sounds like a real Hustler!

JUDY: You might say that. 



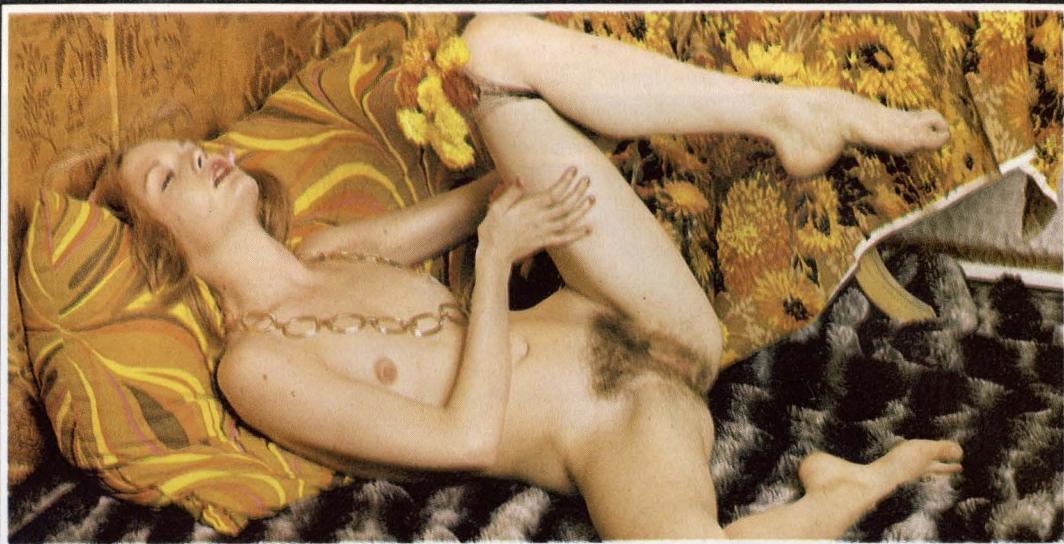
"Ya don't get promoted in this outfit unless you study for it."

Photos — Johnny Kirk



DOREEN

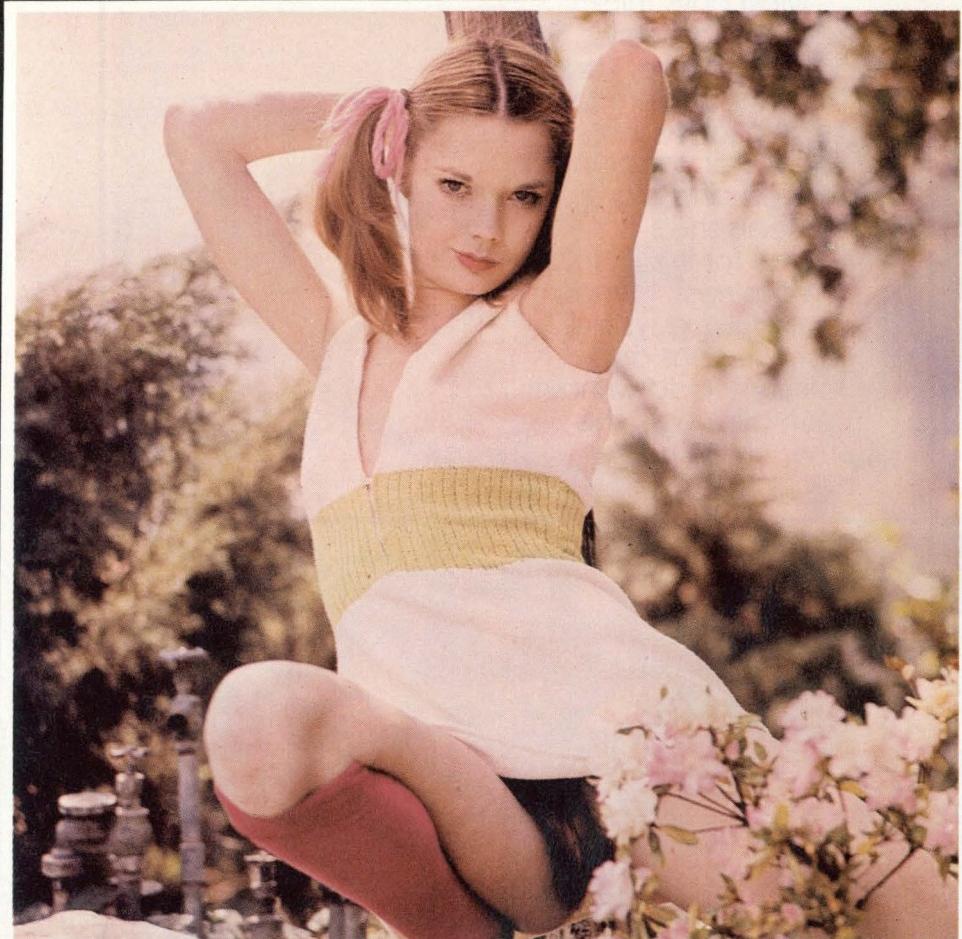
IT'S BIG, BUT IT'S MINE



Most guys think I have a big pussy," admits Dorene, "and I like to hear them tell me. It gets me hot."

With her unabashed attitude and big crack she feels she's a natural for the porno film business. "I know I could fuck guys like Marc Stevens and Johnny Wadd without even blinking," she says, "All you ever hear about is how big





“

the guys are, no one ever says anything about the size of the girls. I'd like to be the first porno star who is known for something besides 'deep throating.' Anyone can do that.

Although she has never appeared in a film, she has been offered parts she refused because, "I didn't feel the people I was involved with were serious. They didn't know what they were doing. If I'm going to do it, I want it to be professional."

"I'll keep trying," she says, "and in the meantime, I'll stay in practice."

”



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1. 2.



3. 4.



5. 6.

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KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,000 words in length.

by Tracy Elder

I recently had an experience that led to a rather interesting change in my sexual attitudes and tastes, and felt that if I shared it with someone who would appreciate it, they might experience the same change. I saw your plea for kinky experiences, and was delighted to know that you are interested in such things.

A couple of months ago, I went to my gynecologist for my six-month check-up. I usually go that often because I'm on the pill and you have to be checked regularly and given a Pap test. I guess this helps prevent cancer, or any other irregularities that might occur.

Nevertheless, my doctor is really a nice dude. He's always been friendly to me and free with good advise concerning any problems, especially sexual, that have come up. We talk pretty freely, I usually do with people I'm comfortable with, and I truly feel that he's one of the best doctors I've ever had. He really knows his stuff.

This particular visit started out like most. After a short wait, the nurse weighed me in and then showed me to the examination room. I got undressed from the waist down, slid up onto the table and placed one of those useless paper sheets over my lap. Those things really aren't good for much; they tear at the slightest pull, but I guess for the sake of modesty, it fulfills the need. I was the last appointment of the day and figured I'd probably have to wait quite a while for the doctor to empty out the other examining rooms, but he appeared sooner than I expected.

We indulged in the usual small talk, and he seemed more relaxed than I'd ever seen him before. I guess it was because his day was just about over, and it was Friday besides. He even let the nurse go early.

While we talked, I noticed that he was really looking me up and down, as he

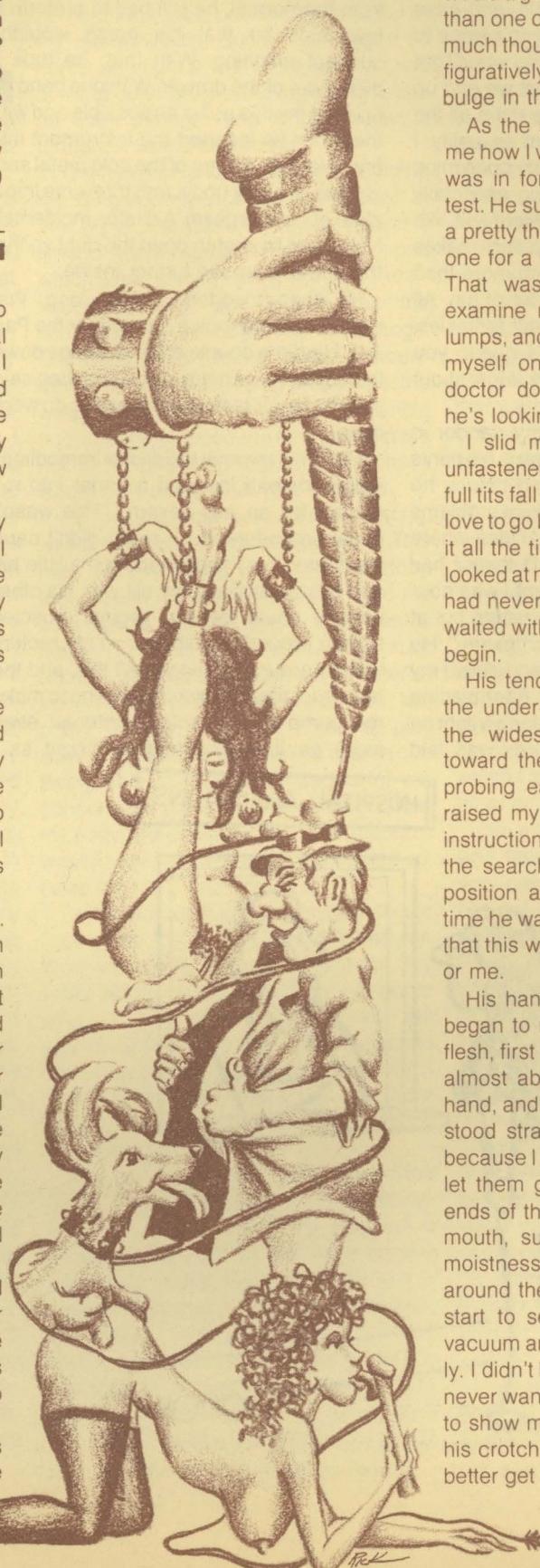
would a girl walking down the street, rather than one of his patients. I tried not to give it much thought, but it was hard, literally and figuratively. There was a very sizable bulge in the front of his pants.

As the small talk continued, he asked me how I was feeling and I reminded him I was in for my six-month exam and Pap test. He suggested that he should give me a pretty thorough exam since I hadn't had one for a while, starting with my breasts. That was OK by me; even though I examine my own tits once a month for lumps, and more often when I want to turn myself on, I always feel better when a doctor does it because he knows what he's looking for.

I slid my top over my head and he unfastened my bra, which gratefully let my full tits fall free — what a splendid feeling. I love to go braless, but I'm built too big to do it all the time. He stood for a minute and looked at my abundant chest as though he had never seen it before. I laid down and waited with an air of anticipation for him to begin.

His tender hands slowly began to feel the under-tissue for lumps, starting with the widest portion, working his way toward the nipples. Gently pressing and probing each area as he went along. I raised my arms above my head, per his instructions, to give him a better angle for the search. However, laying there in that position and considering the amount of time he was taking, I got a peculiar feeling that this wasn't just another exam, for him or me.

His hands became more gentle as he began to massage and slowly rotate the flesh, first one way then the other. He was almost able to hold an entire tit in each hand, and squeezed the nipples until they stood straight up. I could really dig this because I love to be fooled with. Finally, he let them go, except for holding the very ends of the nipples and put each into his mouth, sucking half the gland into his moistness. He masterfully tongued around the tips until I thought they would start to seep liquid. Then he formed a vacuum and almost engulfed them entirely. I didn't know what got him started, but I never wanted him to stop. Right as I began to show my appreciation by reaching for his crotch, he stopped and said that he'd better get on with the exam. I was slightly



disappointed, but hoped there was more where that came from.

He started asking me about my sex life, whether I had a regular partner or changed around a lot and if I liked to do different types of things. I was very honest with him, and told him that I enjoyed a variety of sex partners, as the change kept me from falling into a rut. I have many lovers, both male and female, and have found that each has something unique to offer to our lovemaking. Usually when I get hung-up with just one person, we end up doing pretty much the same thing all the time, and this stifles my own sexuality. I pride myself on having a pretty open mind and can get into most anything, especially what most people consider weird shit, like making it with animals, including snakes and hamsters, or fucking with more than one guy at a time, that's a lot of fun. All innocent, too. I love acting out fantasies, either mine or my lover's. I guess you could say that I groove on sex in just about any form.

I think Jim appreciated my candor in more ways than one; the bulge in his pants was growing. As I mentioned before, he had helped me with a few sexual problems in the past and had a general idea where my head was at, but I don't think I had been frank quite to the extent I was now.

With the so-called preliminaries out of the way, he continued the "exam." He went to the end of the table and pulled my ass down to the very edge. After placing my legs in the stirrups, he shined a light on my now very wet cunt. There I was, laid

wide open for him to do with me what he wished. He sat down on the stool between my legs and pushed my thighs open even wider to get a good look. I tried to picture what I looked like from that angle and it really turned me on. I put my arms at my sides and prepared myself for a really nice experience.

He said, even though this visit was far from the normal, he still had to perform a few tests so that his nurse wouldn't suspect anything. With that, he took a dilator out of the drawer. With one hand he opened my lips as far as possible and with the other he inserted the instrument into my hole. The feeling of the cold metal sent shivers over my body, and threw me into a state of near-orgasm. A dilator, incidentally, is used to stretch open the cunt so that the doctor can see further inside.

He then inserted a very long, thin instrument and took a sample for the Pap test. He did a couple of other things down there that I was not sure of, and then said that the major tests that he had to do were done.

He didn't remove the dilator immediately, but instead inserted a finger into my rectum for an ass "exam." This wasn't usual procedure, but I really didn't care. He moved his finger inside me a little bit, and started stroking my clit with his other hand. I could feel my vaginal muscles tighten around the dilator and my rectum tighten around his finger. All this, and the heat from the light, was beginning to make me come. My muscles tightened even more as it approached and right as I

66 I had my cunt full of douche liquid and my ass full of cock. 99

came, Jim pushed another finger up my ass. This sent me instantly into ecstasy better than I knew it. It was so unbelievably good that I had to lay still for a moment to regain my strength.

After a minute, Jim removed the dilator and replaced it with three fingers. Even though I don't have a big box, I could hardly feel him after being stretched so wide. I guess he realized this and inserted a fourth finger which began to give me that full feeling. In and out he worked them, sloshing them around inside my cunt, until he brought me to another climax.

I was beginning to feel guilty enjoying myself so much and he hadn't so much as come once yet. I asked him if there was some way in which I could relieve him, since he was doing all the work. He said that it gave him great pleasure to turn me on, and that before it was his turn, he still had a few tricks left in his medicine bag that he'd like to show me.

How true I found this to be, because in no time at all he had vaselined me thoroughly and inserted a rectal expander into my asshole. I don't know what the technical name for this instrument is, but what the dilator did for my cunt, this did for my ass. I anxiously anticipated what was to follow, because ass activities are a favorite of mine. I think butt-fucking is as much fun as regular screwing, and I often prefer it.

I felt my bung-hole expand wider than it had ever been before, and then a plastic tube, slightly smaller than my now very wide opening, slid up deep inside of me. He asked me if I was alright, and if I liked what he was doing. I told him I was fine, and begged him to go on.

All of a sudden, I felt this warm liquid begin to pour over my insides. It was very slowly and gradually dripping out of me into a pan that the doctor had attached to the side of the table for, I guess, occasions such as these. It seemed that this was for the purpose of washing me out, and it sure as hell was doing the trick. All kinds of shit, excuse the pun, was pouring out. It was also very relaxing.

HOSPITAL ADMISSIONS



"We are not depriving you of your civil rights, dearie,
we just can't give you an abortion unless you're pregnant."

66 I grabbed my tits and smashed them into my rib cage, and clawed at my clit. 99

After the liquid stopped, he removed the tube and the expander, and let my ass drip free while he prepared another solution.

He hung a plastic bag on a stand right by the table, and attached a nozzle to the end of the tube. The nozzle was very thick, about 2 inches, with an enlarged bulb at the end where holes were provided to let the liquid escape.

Before he continued, he came up by my side and kissed me very tenderly and told me that he had wanted to do this to me for quite some time, but wasn't sure how I would react. Because his job was to examine and look at cunts all day, it got to be very boring and had left much to be desired in his own sexual life, since the usual everyday things didn't turn him on any more. When I had told him of some of the things I had done, I seemed far more sexually advanced than my 22 years. I liked his style and the way he could lay it on.

He gave my nipples a little squeeze and proceeded to his "work." He spread my legs open, as they had relaxed closed involuntarily, and kissed the inside of my thighs down to my glistening pubes, sucking my clit and flicking his tongue in and out of my twat . . . I found that this was just a teaser for the next course. All the while I could tell that he was becoming increasingly more excited, because he kept running his hand down to his crotch and rearranging himself, to make the bulging cock more comfortable against the inside of his pants. I suggested that he drop his drawers and let me comfort him, but he told me it wasn't time yet.

He took the liquid solution that he had made and poured it into the bag hanging beside me. He asked that I do as he requested, because only in that way could both of us receive the full pleasure from the experience. I told him that I left my welfare in his hands, since he was, after all, the doctor. He said that he was going to give me a douche, and that I should hold the water in as long as possible, thus letting it thoroughly cleanse my insides. Then he took the bulb-ended nozzle and

pushed it into my cunt hole to where it came to a spot that it fit real well. He said that if I wanted to, I could play with my clit, which I was dying to do. He started twisting the nozzle around like it was a big dildo, while I worked my hips and fingers to the rhythm he set.

I soon felt another climax begin to swell within me. He worked that thing harder and harder, twisting it till I thought it would come off the tube, pushing it in and out of my wanton hole. Suddenly I began to come, and right at the height, he let a flood of water gush into me, reeling my body into an even stronger and longer climax. I thought it would never end.

The next thing I knew, he was reminding me to tighten my muscles so that none of the water escaped my cunt. I quickly tensed them against the raging flood which was quickly filling me up. I continued to play with myself, but the sensations were beginning to change. The main thing I found myself concentrating on was the building pressure of the water. Finally, after I thought I could hold no more, he stopped the flow and told me not to let one drop leak out, and that I would truly enjoy what was to follow.

He took out what looked like a G-string, with a cork-like device attached to it. This man had everything. He placed the string taut around my pelvic area and fitted the cork tightly into my crack. My muscles began to ease involuntarily, and sure enough, that little cork held the water in very securely. The pressure was still pretty intense; I felt like I had to piss something awful, but it wouldn't come out. Being able to relax the muscles let me concentrate more on the sensations that my body was experiencing. Even though it was slightly painful, I definitely felt filled up, more than any prick could do.

I reached down and massaged my clit again, and the feeling was spectacular. Wild vibrations spread throughout my entire being. In fact, I was starting to come when I felt something penetrate my asshole. Gradually at first, then it began to stretch with something mighty powerful. I looked down to see what it was, and there stood Doctor Jim between my legs, naked from the waist down.

Though I couldn't see his dick from this angle, it felt like he was hung like a horse. God, how weird; having my cunt full of douche liquid and my ass full of cock. It was really freaky. But I guess I'm sort of freaky, too, because the whole idea really did crazy things to me. My body was beginning to feel the pressure of the two opposing forces within me, and my mind was really into the pleasure/pain trip. Half of me was in ecstasy and half of me was in

agony. I'd never much gotten into enemas or water activities (even though I douche frequently), but combined with a good butt-fucking, I could go for anything.

I grabbed my tits and started to squeeze and smash them into my rib cage, pulling at the nipples until they ached. I clawed at my clit jerking it off vigorously. Jim worked his dick deeper and deeper, faster and faster inside my ass. Both of us were in tune with each other, rising to the same level, higher and higher. Every time he drove into me, the intensity of the pain was excruciating, but the pleasure was overwhelming. The cork was still firmly in place, never even budging. Jim's cock seemed to reach all the way to my throat, pushing and splashing the water around inside of me. Jim grabbed my hips and pushed deep, holding me like that as his climax began. I felt myself start to quake and crumble.

Right as I was coming, with the pressure of the water and Jim's cock pushing on my insides, he pulled the cork. As suddenly as that water had poured into me, it gushed out of my hole just as quickly. Like a human waterfall, it sprayed all over me, all over Jim and his starched white shirt, and all over the floor. But the relief was an orgasm in itself. My body shook and shivered until every last drop dripped out. We were both thoroughly spent.

We laid there for a while regaining our strength, not saying a word. We didn't really have to say anything, because we both knew that we had been completely satisfied. After a while, he gently lifted himself off of me and gave me a towel, which I accepted gratefully. I had an awful lot of drying off to do.

Jim asked me how I felt and I said that I was feeling simply great, besides being very clean and shiney. He said that this had been a fantasy of his for quite some time and one that he would like to relive again, but we had to be careful in the office, because there were always people in that building and it didn't take much for them to get suspicious. After I'd gotten myself all together and was ready to leave, he told me to make an appointment with his nurse for next week.

I did. In fact, I saw him a few times after that, until it did become too risky playing around in the office. We always got into water sports, and he taught me the fine art of douching and the enema, which is now my most favorite activity. I guess I always leaned in that direction, loving butt-fucking the way I do. I've now firmly established it in my repertoire of sexual activities. Whether alone or with a friend, I find an opportunity for a cleansing douche or enema like Doctor Jim taught me. 

HUSTLER PROFILE
“RUSTY”

CALLEY

“LONER AGAINST THE WORLD”



by Wayne Greenhaw

Former U.S. Army Lt. William Laws Calley Jr. has become quieter, fatter, and balder than the first time I saw him in November of 1969. And like all of us, he has grown older.

Rusty Calley always was a shy man, until he plied himself with at least a half-dozen drinks of bourbon "and something sweet."

Raised in that curious tourist-plagued atmosphere of Miami, Florida, where kids grow up not knowing whether they are southerners or northerners, Calley became a rebel who adopted a cause. He was too young to catch the full impact of the James Dean craze in the early fifties, but he sees his own image as "the loner against the world . . . suffering for mankind. They've got to have somebody to pick on . . . I'll love the Army, even after it sends me to jail and spits on me. I'll always love it because it gave me something to believe in."

He is a strange and simple person, now living the life of a dethroned hero waiting for the right moment for a comeback. He is seen walking the suburban streets of Columbus, Georgia, a town he grew to adore while he was training at nearby Fort Benning. He was also stationed at Benning while he awaited court-martial, was tried, and spent his first night behind bars in its stockade, while he awaited sentencing.

"I don't have anything to say," he recently rebuked a reporter who approached him on the street, and he turned his back and continued walking, hands weighted into the pockets of low-slung trousers.

Another newspaper reporter who asked for an interview was told he would have to cough up at least \$1,000 before Calley would talk.

"His story is the only thing that he has," a friend of the ex-lieutenant said. He lectures on college campuses — only two dates by mid-1975 — for a reported fee of \$1,500. During his first talk, Calley stopped in the middle of a sentence and refused to continue when he spotted a television camera. "No pictures," he demanded, and the camera was taken away.

"He's not exactly a recluse; you can see him out at restaurants, movies, but he's not the old party-er of those times before he was sentenced," explained a local newspaper editor.

He had several job offers as soon as he was released from Leavenworth Prison. Most were do-nothing jobs. He would be a publicity star for a Southern-based,

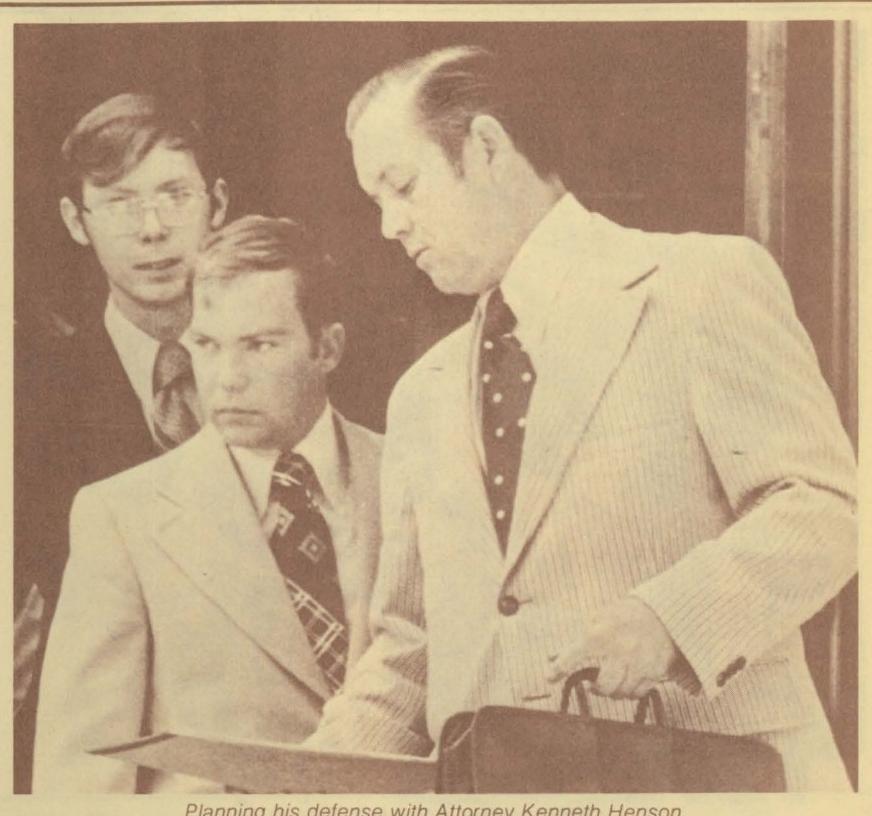
conservatively oriented company. After these were checked out, according to a source in Columbus, they were turned down because they were virtually meaningless. The companies were as thin-skinned and erratic as Calley's popular appeal.

The first time I saw him he peered through the huge eyes of a frightened calf. Flashing a winning smile beneath receding auburn hair, he snapped to attention and shook hands with me and two other reporters the day after the news story of his being held on an Article 32 appeared in the *Alabama Journal*. I had written the story.

Five-feet-three-inches tall, he weighed 130 pounds and displayed a Bronze Star

who remembered him from Miami Edison High School as "a cocky little guy with never anything to say. He never jumped into any intellectual conversations over his head. He stayed to himself, dated a few girls I knew. As far as I can remember, he never made a splash with the people who did anything at all — like having parties on the beach or meeting at some teen club or somebody's house. His family, although I didn't know them well, were good decent lower-middle-class folks. We'd call them straight, honest Americans today. They'd probably be for Nixon, but it's not hard to imagine them supporting George Wallace."

One of his old girl friends from high



Planning his defense with Attorney Kenneth Henson.

with an Oak Leaf Cluster as well as a Purple Heart on the breast of his ultra-neat uniform.

Elbows leaning on the bare table, he crushed out one Marlboro and lighted another.

"Reporters have been telephoning me constantly. I'm having my number changed. It'll be unlisted."

He had a nervous twitch in his right jaw when he spoke. And his eyes grew watery and jittery.

Asked if he had been confined, he said, "Last week I was in Miami to visit my dad. I hope my family is left out of this. They don't know anything."

When I looked deeper into his background, I discovered an old classmate

school, a pretty blonde named Bonnie Givens, recalled, "Once I remember we were out at a hot dog and milk shake place. We were parked in his car, waiting for the girl to come and take our order. We hadn't said much to each other, just small-talk to pass the time. Finally the waitress came out in a pair of tight shorts and a low-cut top. Her boobs were almost hanging out. She said something to Rusty sort of sexy-like and rubbed her boobs up close to his window. And he blushed. He turned a bright pink and when I giggled, after the girl was gone, he blushed again. I don't think he took me out but once after that. He must have thought I was making fun of him, or something."

After a short time at Georgia Military

Academy, where a teacher said he made average to below-average grades, he returned to Edison to graduate.

He spent one year at Palm Beach Junior College in Lake Worth, Florida, where he said he was an "average" student. Later I discovered he left school after making four F's.

In 1964, after leaving college, he became a drifter. He worked as a hotel bellhop, dishwasher in a restaurant, and became a strike-breaker pick-up worker on the Florida East Coast Railway. At the time he was charged with the mass murder of My Lai villagers his only jail record was when he allowed a train to block an intersection too long.

When his father's heavy construction

died after the court-martial, as a weak man. He never looked to him for advice or consultation.

After he finished Officers Candidate School at Fort Benning in 1967, he was shipped in December to Vietnam via Hawaii, where the U.S. Army Americal Division was being put together in haphazard fashion.

In Pinkville, the most populated area on the long Pinkville peninsula which ran parallel to the coast of South Vietnam on the South China Sea, he met Capt. Ernest Medina, a solemn-faced, tight-lipped professional soldier of Mexican-American origin. Nicknamed "Mad Dog" by his troops, Medina strutted about the camp staring at his new officers and attempting

give me Brooks' orders. When he finished, I'd say, 'But Captain, the Second Platoon belongs to Brooks.' 'Don't tell me that, shithead' — he always called his platoon leaders 'shithead,' and if he didn't, you'd know you were in trouble — 'follow my orders.' 'But I'm Calley, not Brooks, and I'm the leader of First Platoon — not Second,' I insisted. 'If you don't want to do it like I want to do it, shithead, do it any fucking way you want,' and he'd stalk off. He never admitted he was wrong."

Medina was Calley's commander in Charlie Company during Task Force Barker. During January and February of 1968, the same time the Tet Offensive was on the move, Alpha and Bravo companies were getting beaten badly



After one of his many days in court.

equipment business began to fail and his mother became ill with terminal cancer, his father sold the stucco house in Miami where Rusty had been raised. His parents moved to a cabin near Waynesville, North Carolina. While he worked on the railroad, Calley sent his parents money regularly. When the strike ended, he was out of a job.

With enough money for gas for his old Ford, he headed northwest to New Orleans. Before too long, he became a commission-paid photographer for an insurance appraiser. This job took him as far west as Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he enlisted in the Army in 1966.

After about two months in the service, his mother, to whom he was devoted, died. He had always regarded his father, who

to make them look like fools. On Calley's first night in the field, Medina called him "Young Thing," and saw immediately the lieutenant did not take it as a joke.

Calley later expressed mixed feelings about Medina, who was also court-martialed for murder and found innocent. "Medina was a great, beautiful soldier. He'd always give us hell. He had been an enlisted man for six years before he went to OCS and became an officer. He felt extremely proud of himself for coming up through the ranks. He was really a funny guy. Medina was always getting his left and right hands mixed up. He'd think I was the leader of Second Platoon and (Lt. Stephen) Brooks the first. It was really the opposite. Sometimes he'd call me and

every time they went into the area of the Song My villages, which were on the South Vietnamese mainland, across a marshy plain from the Pinkville Peninsula. Calley and his first platoon caught some fire during reconnaissance missions on the perimeter. But they had not yet gotten into the hot fire.

A brunette from northern Alabama remembered having two weekend affairs with Calley when she had been a donut girl with the American Red Cross in Vietnam. "That title 'donut girl' is so much bullshit," she said one evening over cocktails in the rooftop lounge of the Regency Hyatt House in Atlanta, where she worked as a secretary in 1971. "About the only thing that 'donut girl' signifies to

"I won't, no matter how much it helps my defense, make statements derogatory about the Army."

me is that I came to offer the boy a hole. "Rusty Calley was one of the many sad young boys I went with while I was over there. I'm not bragging about how many I had, but it's really not that terrible when you realize the situation. Damn, if they didn't have me or other girls like me, they'd be sleeping with filthy Asian whores. And they are filthy.

"One of the first things I learned was how to check boys out subtly for VD. If you're fixing to go to bed with him, give it a little playful twist. You can look like you're fixing to go down on him, and all you're doing is checking him out. I also learned how to stay clean with douche, and I was kept supplied with pills.

"Rusty Calley and I had two very nice weekends together. From our hotel room we could hear the bombings of Tet all around.

"He had taken time off from the field. They knew something big was coming off in their area, but they didn't know what.

"Rusty said all hell had broken out once before, and a lot of guys had gotten killed in some place called 'Pinkville.'

"When you've got a guy like that, when you're together in bed and make love, you realize it might be his last time to be with a woman. You want to be the best woman in the world for him. You want the last love to be his best.

"It's romantic when you hold him and hear his heart beat next to yours. How much longer will it be beating?

"Like I don't care much for making it with anybody any more. I mean, it's the thing you're supposed to do and everything, and everybody does it; but sometimes I think about going back over to Vietnam with something, just so I can hold a guy like that again.

"Damn, it's hell when the bombs are going off all around, and you hear people screaming in the streets, and the room where you're sleeping starts to shake. You grab for the guy you're with, and you hold him as tightly as possible, and you try to forget there's a war going on — but you can't forget.

"We had two weekends like that. He was an angel. Like he brought me a present one time. It was real cute.

"But I haven't seen him since, except on television."

When he went back to the landing zone, Calley attended a meeting on the night before C Company was to become the attack force. A beloved sergeant, George Cox, had been killed on patrol. At twilight, Cox's flag-draped coffin rested in front of the group of men. With hat in hand, Medina spoke his words barely above a whisper,

according to Calley's recollection. His voice broke with emotion as he said what a fine lad the soldier had been and how bravely he had died. Medina said that tomorrow, March 16, 1968, C Company would avenge the death of Sgt. Cox. Months later a half-dozen of the troops gathered there said that Medina announced that "everything that moves in the villages will be killed. The Cong, who killed our friend, will be wasted."

Early the next morning as the fog rose, the helicopters landed near My Lai Four, one of the hamlets making up the Song My villages. "I was expecting the worst. I had been told to be prepared for fire. I was told that all women and children had been evacuated. Nothing was to be remaining

position where they were supposed to be, sir," replied Calley.

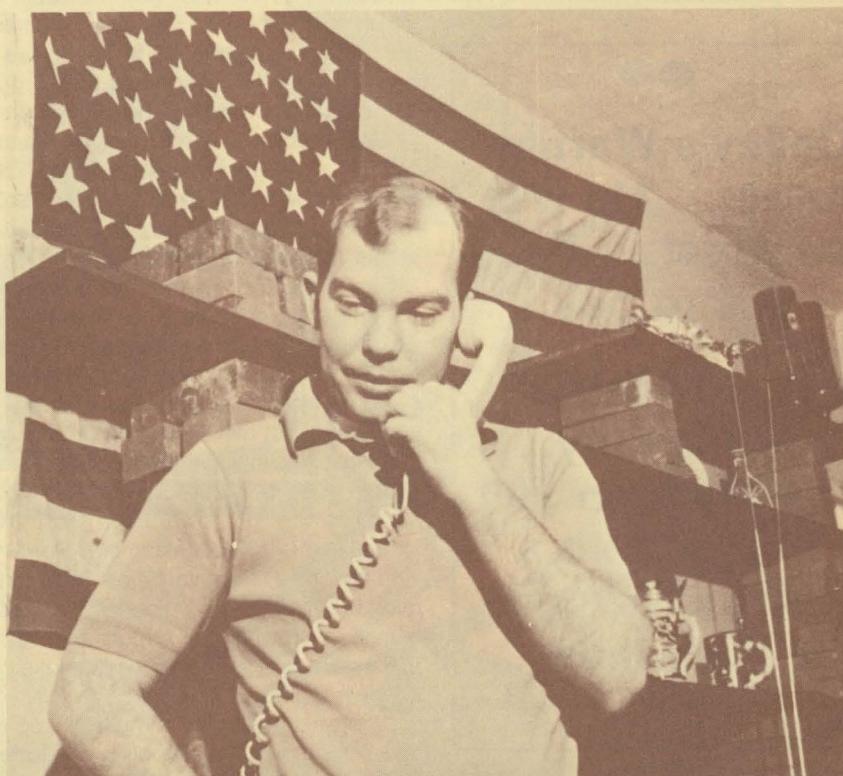
"Did you leave the vicinity of the ditch shortly thereafter — after you fired in the ditch, when did you leave it, was it shortly or did you stay there a long while, a short time or what did you do?" asked Latimer.

"I don't take it as . . . it was a very rapid period of time to me. I can't say basically what time it was. It seemed like it was only a matter of a half-minute, maybe a full minute at the most, when the men started moving across."

"Did you have a chance to look and observe what was in the ditch?"

"Yes, sir. Dead people, sir."

"Did you see any appearance of anybody being alive in there?"



At ease, with U.S. flag he is still eager to defend.

except the communist troops," said Calley.

At his court-martial, Calley testified, "I heard a considerable volume of firing to my north, and I moved up along the edge of the ditch and around a hooch. I broke out in a clearing and saw that my men had a number of Vietnamese in the ditch and were firing on them."

His attorney, George Latimer, a former judge of the Military Court of Appeals, asked, "What did you do after you saw them shooting into the ditch?"

"Well, I fired into the ditch also, sir."

"Prior to that time, had you received any other messages from Capt. Medina?" Latimer asked.

"Still to hurry up and get my men out in

"No, sir."

"At any time that you were alone and near that ditch, did you push or help anybody push people into the ditch?"

"Yes and no, sir. When I came out of this hedgerow, I came right up to about the last man to go into the ditch. I didn't physically touch him, but if he would have stopped I guess I would have."

At another time Calley said, "I fired on a head moving through the rice. I just saw a head moving through the rice and fired." He said radiomen checked it and "it was a small boy." He said he did not know it was a small boy.

Asked if he had ordered Vietnamese people thrown into a ditch and knocked down and shot, he answered, "No, sir. I did

not. Like I said, I gave the order to take those people through the ditch and had also told (Paul) Meadlo if he couldn't move them, to waste them as I directed. Other than that there was only that one incident. I never stood up there for any period of time. The main mission was to get my men on the other side of the ditch and get in that defensive position and that is what I did, sir."

However, members of Calley's platoon said they saw women, children, and old men herded into a ditch, fired upon, and killed. Meadlo testified that Calley replaced spent cartridge magazines in his M-16 automatic rifle "between ten and 15 times," while he was firing into the ditch. This meant that Calley had fired a minimum of 100 rounds into the crowded ditch.

Calley's Wartime Lover: 'He was an angel... a sad young boy.'

Court-Martial Testimony: 'Calley fired 100 rounds into a ditch crowded with civilians.'

Chief Warrant Officer Hugh C. Thompson Jr. was given a Distinguished Flying Cross for saving wounded Vietnamese children at My Lai. His commendation read that "while performing a reconnaissance and screening mission, (Thompson) spotted 15 young children attempting to hide in a bunker, landed, and evacuated them to a safe area. Moments later he located a wounded Vietnamese child. Disregarding his own safety, he again landed and evacuated the wounded child to Quang Ngan Hospital."

It was later learned that Thompson pointed guns on Calley and his troops, forcing them not to shoot while he saved the children.

Calley was found guilty of multiple counts of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. After a series of appellate

hearings, during which his sentence was lowered to 20 years, he served almost a year in Leavenworth. Secretary of the Army Howard H. Calloway, of Georgia, paroled him.

In the aftermath of his conviction, Calley became the darling of the conservatives. He had already spoken to dozens of American Legion Posts and Veterans of Foreign Wars affairs. On the cover of *Time* a drawing of Calley was displayed and under it was the legend: "Who Shares the Guilt?" U.S. Sen. John Sparkman of Alabama now chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, proclaimed Calley a "scapegoat." Bumper stickers advertising a "Free Calley" movement were distributed by the hundreds of thousands. In the Memorial Coliseum in Columbus, Georgia, the Rev. Michael Lord told his congregation, "There was a crucifixion 2,000 years ago of a man named Jesus Christ. I don't think we need another crucifixion of a man named Rusty Calley." A 45-rpm single entitled "The Battle Hymn of Lieutenant Calley" sold more than 200,000 copies the first day it hit the market.

During the months after his first press conference, I became close friends with Calley. We signed an agreement whereby I would write his autobiography, and while I was busy transcribing hours of taped interviews with him, a New York "literary packager" sold out my end of the deal. Later I sued and collected out of court, and I wrote my own book with the sarcastic title, "The Making of a Hero."

In the time I knew him before the court-martial, we spent many hours in the Delta lounge of the Atlanta Airport and other places. He liked to watch the jets take off and guess their destinations.

Lifting his glass and tilting his head to one side, he enjoyed spouting platitudes by the dozens. He took a stand on almost any subject, even if it meant changing his mind a few minutes or an hour later.

"There are no heroes in Vietnam," he said in relaxed conversation. "There never are any heroes until you've won or you're winning."

A few minutes later he added, "I'm no hero."

He stated, "I'm for the Army all the way. I'm behind it, a member of it. As long as I'm sitting here with a uniform on, the Army comes first." After he was stripped of his rank, he no longer had the privilege of wearing the uniform.

In Columbus, close friends say that he is weighing the possibilities of entering politics. "All he has to do is run for the state legislature from down here and he's a shoo-in. He's already in tight with Wallace.

His name's associated with Wallace. If he'd listen to the right people, he'd probably be in the governor's mansion within six years. Look what the fight against integration did for Lester Maddox. The Vietnam War could do the same thing for Rusty Calley," the friend said.

As the words were spoken, I remembered one of his visits to Montgomery, my home town, showing up at mid-morning for a meeting with Wallace. Afterward, I met him in a downtown bar. He was sitting with a stranger who was introduced as an attorney from Lakeland, Florida. The man had arranged the meeting between Calley and Wallace. He had told the Wallace people Calley wanted to see them and Calley that Wallace wished to talk with him.

That night, after we ditched the lawyer, Calley got drunk. He cried about children dying in Vietnam. He said he didn't want to be used by unscrupulous people like the attorney. He shouted about horrible things happening in the United States. He shook his fist at an apathetic moon.

Thinking back now to his statements, such as:

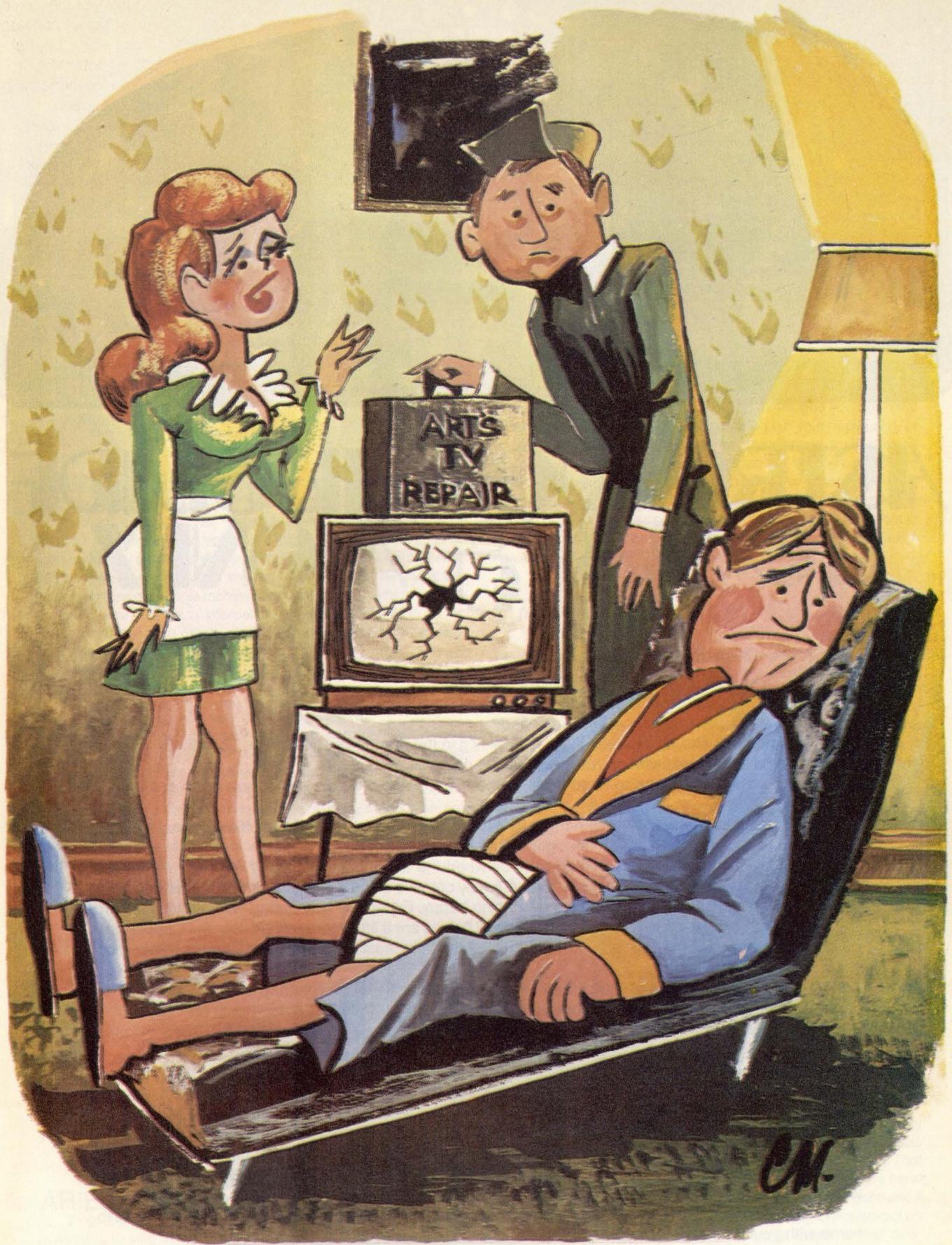
"Every country needs an Army. I don't believe in every move Judge Latimer makes for my defense. And I won't, no matter how much Judge Latimer tells me I should to help my own defense, I won't make any statements derogatory about the Army.

"When the Army of a country is defeated, it no longer has law and order. There is a breakdown when that happens.

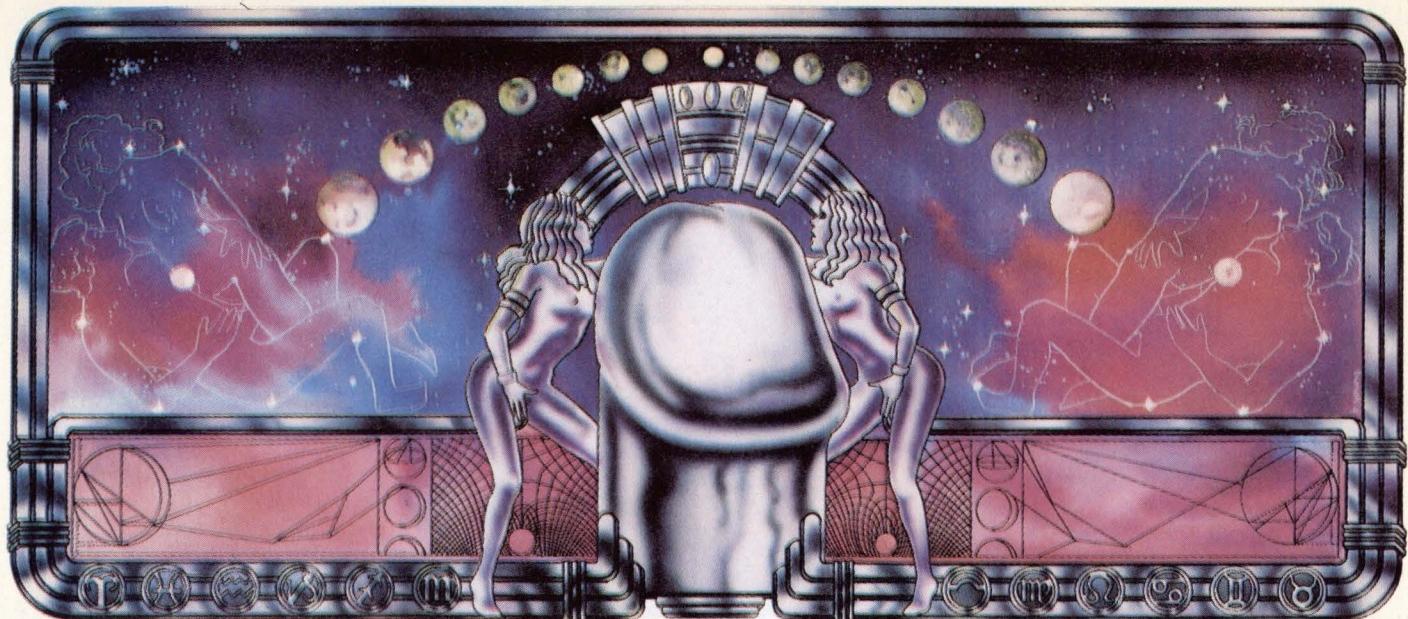
"People have written to me — telling me that my legal defense is beginning this breakdown. One man sent me a book about the proletariat takeover of Russia — about the Czar's army being taken over from the inside. That was the first move the Communists made. But in the United States, if I can help it — and there're plenty more like me — nothing similar to that will ever happen. I believe in the Army. Where we go wrong is in Congress, in the politicians. They make policy in Vietnam, but they don't know what's happening over there. They should give the authority to the Army.

"As long as we have one guy in Vietnam, I'll keep fighting this thing (the charge against him). I love the Army. I'm not just fighting this for myself. I'm fighting for every guy over there, and for every one who has died over there."

If he made these statements to the audiences in the Bible Belt who love him, he would win almost any political office he sought — might even outdo Lester Maddox or George Wallace. 



"It happened when George caught an x-rated movie on cable TV."



ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY

LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

by Skip Fickling

S-E-X is your middle name. More Librans are sex maniacs than any other sign. If you can't get it when you want it, you'll get it somehow with somebody.

If a libran can't find an available hole, he'll stick it in the ground like an ostrich. Cockaleeky soup is named after a Libran who shoved his in a hot bowl of leeks.

Right now is a good time to keep it out of the kitchen and dirty old chuck holes and seek out a capricious Capricorn.

Since most Librans would rather hang their signs out over a bedpost than an office it's best to come straight out to a Cappy girl and lay her right on the line—quickly!

Capricorns make marvelous companions between the sheets and obviously any libra will deeply probe this gal to her very bottom. Cappys are extremely creative in the way they attempt to satisfy and you "justice-for-all" guys want everybody and everything happy. Especially now during your birthday month.

Leos could be your meat also. Most of these doll babies are a little more refined than the Cappys and don't go "hole hog," but they go "around-the-world" better than most signs and have tongues with tickling tips!

The temptation to screw around will be extremely strong now for you married Librans, especially for those with birthdays after the 5th. You may get fucked in more ways than one, so best keep your cock out of the leaky pussy and concentrate on home, health and job. Avoid the lure of a tempting Taurus or a vengeful Virgo.

You guys are even slower than usual right now, so step up your pace regarding moola. There are definite signs of sudden money problems and these could be on your ass before you could put Jacque in the box.

Tight money and tight pussy seem to be hounding you Librans right up to the 31st.

If you are planning a trip abroad forget it! Maybe in a couple of months, but not right now. You guys are spending enough money on frivolous fillies and follies as it is to consider tossing the whole bankroll on a long voyage with "naught behind."

Face it. A long shot at a horse race might be your bag now. Or a racy bag at a long orgy. Stick close to home with your dough and dolls.

You must open your mind and close your bankroll. Open some of the nearby girlies and close their windy mouths with long dongs instead of long dough.

Keep a permanent thought in mind this month: Sex and money rhymes with flex and honey!

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — November 21)

Stupendous Scorpions Score! Your upswing continues even more fantastically as this month continues. You will be literally bathed in a bubbling cauldron of *controversial* romance and zapped with bolts of monetary missles *coming* in all different shapes and sizes. Life, love and longevity just for the "L" of it seems to be your motto right now as your love life and money trees come up loaded, juicy and throbbing with goodies. If you happen to bump into a naked Scorpio somewhere, don't ask questions, ass quest!

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — Dec. 20)

You Sagittarians are super excessive, lap-it-all-up, can-never-get-enough-of-a-good-thing kind of guys. During October you ought to hit the great *outdoors* and a few way-out *whores*. In many areas like Reno or Las Vegas they are pretty, pulsating and perfectly legal. A Sag holds the record at one desert whorehouse. He came twenty times with ten different gals in two hours! There is the possibility you may be worried about your health later this month. Forget it! If you limit yourself regarding major expenditures, balling and bailing (your ship may be sinking or stinking depending upon how clean she was!). Contrary to your belief money still does not grow on trees and cunts cost.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 — January 19)

The Cappy charts remain screwed, blued and tattooed this month. If you are working for someone, make certain you carry out his orders to the very ass end of the stick. If you are in command, don't make any sudden changes or try to revise present schedules. Setbacks may be coming hot and heavy and you may be crying the blues over loss of multiple monies and bed bugs (voluptuous female varieties). You might bury yourself between two 50-inch boobs for comfort and choke to death. Let an *upstanding* Pisces or Leotine calm your fears and *raise* your spirits.

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

All you creative Aquarians (and most consider themselves creative or *carnivorous* and both love to eat *pussy*) have an abundant menu this month. Money and Moon Maids are your bag in October. This is fine time for all good Aquarians to snatch *snatch*, balloon your bucks, cool your chains (oh, you crazy masochists are at it again)! Cancer girls are in And way in! Sagittarian gals are out. If you're married to one you'll know what we mean. This period will involve large sudden sums of money, beautiful dolls looming out of nowhere to shower you with praise and peter palpitations.

PISCES (Feb. 19 — March 20)

Startling emmissions, omissions, elongations, edifications, eruptions and erections are the Pisces plague and prestige this coming period. Nothing comes off worse than a no-come, an "ah-come-on" or a Johnny-Come-Lately. A strange, turbulent could-would-should cloud hangs over Pisces at the moment and the best advice is to stick it out to the end. Money is about as tough as tough titty. Don't invest, lend or borrow and if a devious dish tries to turn-on your tool, give ground not Grants (Gen. Ulysses S., that is). You are hung, strung and bung-holed. Don't be an ass-hole too. Save your bucks, fuck the clucks!

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Zing along with Twitch! You inflamed Aries rabbits are continuing to sing along with the Mitchell Brothers or going "A 1 and a 2 and a—" with Florence (big tits) Milk! No doubt, you guys like twitching twats, tremendous tits and trembling tukuses. A new female acquaintance has the (I've got to have you!) hots for your

hide, and you young Rams should take full advantage (as usual). Money and honey are no problem right now. Save up for a rainy day when a super car job is in order. Belt her in, shove a bottle of champagne up and cruise at 55 strokes!

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

This month stay clear of any athletic, acrimonious, adrenal-hyped Aries. You Bulls are in a most possessive mood. Even Aries fems can't stand to be overly man-handled, touched or pushed into a corner. The old Taurean quick "slip the hand up under the skirt" trick could result in an old femRam counter-trick, the "fist in the Bull's eye." A sweet, but fiery Pisces—the likes of Liza Minelli—is the type who loves to be played with and totally possessed. If you have an exalted Jupiter in your natal chart this is going to be a whizbang of a time. Don't air it, marinate it slowly, completely and thoroughly and after it's all over don't wash it for a month. What a difference a lay makes!

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

For you the caution sign is up regarding the sudden appearance of an attractive female who might lead you down the wrong path, foul up your life and possibly dash your hopes and/or marriage. It's a warning sign you should observe for Gemfems (especially those who resemble luscious Lili St. Cyr) and those wiggly, curvy Aquarians, who love to screw and screw guys up better than most Zodiac signs. Don't fuck around with any strange women now. The same goes for money opportunities that seem to spring out of a cornucopia's ass end. Put your best efforts *forward*. When a cute cunt climbs aboard, *analyze* her!

CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

"Home, home on the range!" During a recent full moon a horny Cancerian took that literally to heart and balled his girl friend on top of the stove. October may be just as hot for most of you *compulsive* Crabs. Your charts are on a super "standup" and if you wind up with a "limpy dick" place it between the pages of *HUSTLER* and think "big." Heat up your bankroll. It's ready. If you are footloose and fucking-free, "crab grab" one of these sexy-rexy Sagittarian gals—they'll do anything for kicks. Nudie cutie Eve Meyer is a Saggy doll. Remember her in many of the big-tit early porno flicks?

LEO (July 22 — August 21)

You fearless, brave, bold Leos are going to be just as grouchy in the mornings and hot jockstrappy in the evenings until about the 12th when your charts go limp and a great deal of that starch loses its arch. If you have any major financial deals pending, get them cleared up as early in the month as possible. If you have any girl problems *straighten* them out early, but be certain you are not caught with your knot shooting hot snot up her slot. For this you are either "dad" or mighty damned sad. Things look brighter (and safer) after the 31st. Meanwhile get your kicks with the likes of Leo Sally Struthers ("All In the Family") who knows how to have more fun than you do!

VIRGO (August 22 — Sept. 21)

Cash, cunts, clits, condoms, cunnilingus and crazy chambers—this is the eye of the Virgo for October. A storm of epic proportions, the conquest of all time, the victory beyond belief. That monetary ship and fantastic clit we have been predicting are here! Opportunities *galore* will be popping out all over hell and gone and if you are ever to get that raise (biggest of all time!), win the jackpot on a quiz show, be the beneficiary of a large estate or just plain discover a gold mine—or a "hole fine"—this is it! Spread out, man, Virgos are never going to have such bi-centennial colors—bed, tight and ooooooooh!

SEX PLAY

continued from page 24

well as manual stimulation, many women enjoy masturbating with vibrators. In general, plug-in vibrators are to be preferred over the battery type, because they are more powerful, but a future "Sex Play" column will go into vibrators in detail. In the meantime, it is enough to say that it was the vibrator which has played a large part in popularizing multiple orgasms for women.

Most women can come more than once, particularly when masturbating, and particularly when masturbating with a vibrator. Some women like to go directly from one orgasm to the next, and others like to let the first one subside before having another. In any case, once your woman is comfortable masturbating by herself, you might explore masturbation a deux.

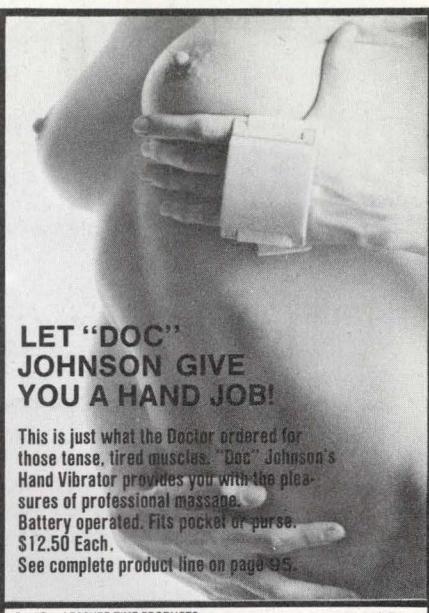
One of the best uses of masturbation

together in love-making is to overcome the difference in timing between men and women. Men are usually turned on quicker, they warm up quicker, and they come quicker. Sometimes the man has already come before the woman is even turned on. Not the best situation for real love-making, for either the man or the woman.

One way to deal with this difference in timing is not just foreplay, but rather for the woman to be worked all the way to orgasm before you even start to think about coming yourself. This can happen in any of several ways: you can eat her, you can make her come with your hand or a vibrator, or she can make herself come by masturbating.

For some women, the best way for the first orgasm is if she makes herself come by masturbating. That way she has the most control over the stimulation. Only she knows if it should be higher or lower, more to the right or more to the left. After she has made herself come once, the rest

continued on page 98



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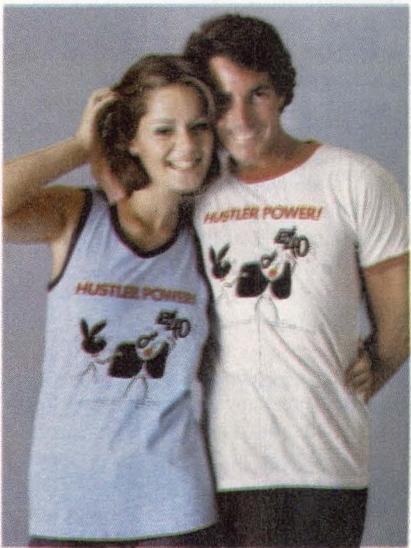
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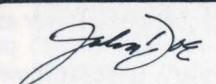
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ONE TWO TWO

continued from page 41

pany alone was what men expected of the girls. At times, Fabienne came to regret the existence of the upstairs facilities.

Erskine Gwynne brought in Humphrey Bogart, a perfect gentleman until, in his cups, he beat his girls mercilessly after consuming huge amounts of alcohol which prevented him from "functioning." The house had no trouble at all with Gary Cooper, who just sat swilling double Scotches, and never opened his mouth. Coop was still suffering from the after effects of a praying mantis female. As a young, innocent cowboy, Coop got discovered by the Mexican tigercat Lupe Velez who turned him into a combination handy-man and lover, before turning him over to an American heiress with an Italian title. The Princess took Coop to Italy, set him up in the lap of luxury, and sent him to an elocution coach. But she made such extravagant sexual demands that Coop took the first out. For the rest of his life, he would be shy of women.

Shyness was not an attribute of another Gwynn discovery. He brought in a dark woman of indeterminate age with the face and the voice of a bullfrog—Elsa Maxwell—introducing her as a "Marieuse" in distress (*marieuse* is a procress). After operating the first queer and dyke joint in Paris, the "Jardin de ma Soeur," Elsa had gone bankrupt and was earning her livelihood as a tourist shill. She was the most uninsurable person Fabienne had ever met. With a sparkling personality, great temperament and a skill to play the piano, she often accompanied Edith Piaf who dropped in at "122," and who needed little prompting to give an impromptu recital.

During this period, la Piaf experienced complete fulfillment in the hands of a husky lover, Georges Flamant. When Flamant took off for other pasture, la Piaf became listless. Never at a loss for words, Elsa Maxwell tried to promote her own discovery, a squat, bowlegged Austrian everybody called "Schwantzy." Miss Piaf barely gave him a look before turning him back with a French Bronx cheer. Schwantzy and Elsa became so inseparable that Ray Goetz soon dubbed them the Pair of Garden Dwarfs. All of a sudden, they faded from the picture together and returned eight months later, apparently flush. For the first time, Elsa



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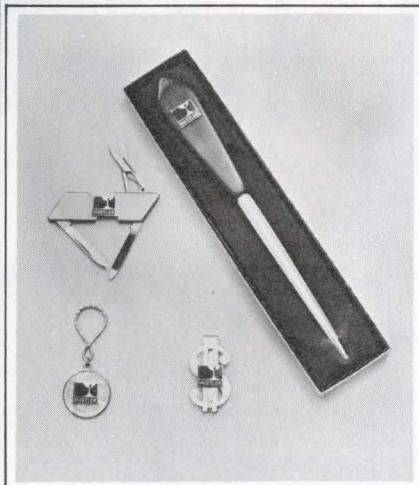
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ARIES
March 21-April 20
FEARLESS



TAURUS
April 21-May 20
CREATIVE



GEMINI
May 21-June 20
SUPERIOR



CANCER
June 21-July 20
VERSATILE



LEO
July 21-Aug. 21
FRIENDLY



VIRGO
Aug. 22-Sept. 22
INGENIOUS

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Sept. 23-Oct. 22
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SCORPIO
Oct. 23-Nov. 22
DEFINITIVE



SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23-Dec. 21
ACTIVE



CAPRICORN
Dec. 22-Jan. 19
AWARE



AQUARIUS
Jan. 20-Feb. 18
HUMANITARIAN



PISCES
Feb. 19-March 20
PROVIDER

paid for her drinks and announced her intention to become a writer. Under her screamed protests, Erskine Gwynne accused Maxwell of taking a leaf from the book of *One Two Two*, and running a male whorehouse.

According to Gwynne, Schwantz had latched onto some decrepit property in Central Europe he turned into a Summer boardinghouse. Miss Maxwell drummed up trade among rich dowagers of the American colony. The chief hook was a dozen young men on the loose from Vienna, Prag and Budapest. Schwantz tagged each with a resounding title and asserted they were his close relatives. The rich matrons were delighted to rub shanks with assorted Counts, Princes and Barons. They happily paid the exorbitant boarding prices and never objected to extra bills for liquor and for the Austrian folk costume, the "dirndl" which became the obligatory uniform of guests on the premises.

Meanwhile, nightly, Erskine Gwynne and writer Louis Bromfield united at *One Two Two*, to rewrite Miss Maxwell's prose and rolled in stitches over her mistakes. Owing to their joint efforts, "Cosmopolitan" Magazine published Elsa Maxwell's first piece and launched another literary career.

Years later, the widowed Fabienne saw photographs in the French magazine "Paris Match" recording the parties of the famous socialite columnist, Elsa Maxwell. On the spur of the moment, she rang Elsa at her Paris hotel. The switchboard was hesitant to put her through; Fabienne repeated her name, adding the word *One Two Two*. In the receiver, she heard Elsa Maxwell's booming baritone:

"Fabienne — One Two Two — Never heard of it."

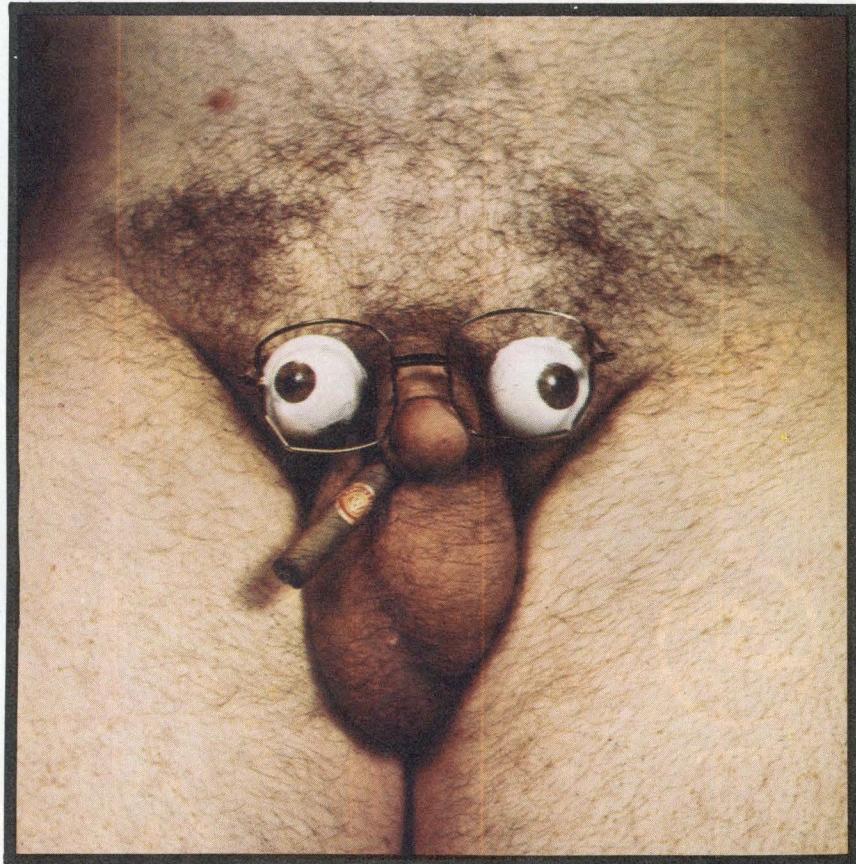
Fabienne is philosophical about being snubbed by the celebrities who were once happy to frequent her establishment, but have since become too "respectable" to acknowledge their association with it. Such is the lot of the aged courtesan, no matter how polished and elegant she has been. But Fabienne believes that her soon-to-be-published book of reminiscences will portray these people when they were less pretentious, more free and alive. When they were young, and living in the "Moveable Feast" that was Paris before the War, and *One Two Two* was a name to conjure with in any sophisticated circle. 

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"No silly, of course I'm not going to vacuum the carpet. I just remembered that I forgot to take my pill today."

SPACE ODDITY

continued from page 46

again. But he dare not touch her snapping cat breasts.

Guilne frantically pressed the buttons on the side of the compartment. But all he got was a glass of water and a complimentary package of nuts. He heard rustling coming from the adjoining compartment.

"Oh no!" he gasped.

He pounded at the little door. At last it gave way, and from the small pet annex came the second most horrifying thing he had ever seen.

Two revolting deformed little creatures jumped into the big compartment. They looked like cats, but instead of heads they had pink wobbling breasts. The cats ran around and around the room, knocking into walls as they went. The girl stared down in shock. And then her screams rose to deafening pitch. The cat-heads on her torso yowled in terror, as they saw their own fuzzy bodies trying to hold up their bosomy "heads."

With loathing, Guilne watched the spectacle.

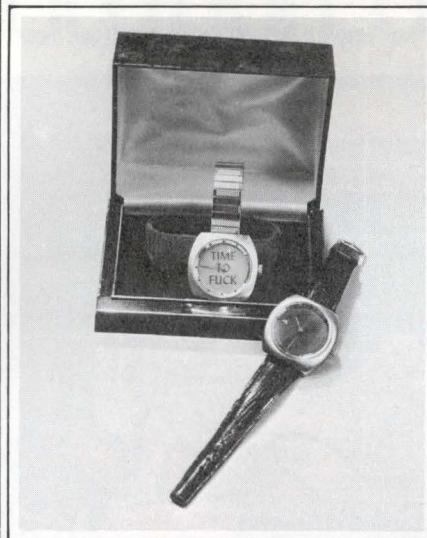
"Catch my tits! Catch them!" screamed the girl. "They're hitting the wall!"

The racing cats were smashing bosom-first into the walls, in their bewilderment. Guilne chased around the compartment, trying to catch them. He grabbed one and held it in his arms. He looked down at it—at the struggling furry body that tried to get away—at the ripe jiggling bosom, with its hardened nipple pointing up at him.

He looked over at the girl. Her cat-head breasts were hissing and spitting, as she collapsed in the corner in a dead faint. Her head nodded down, and the cat-head breasts turned up to look at her. Guilne caught the other cat, and now had the complete set. He held them up, one in each hand. Two inviting boobs stared at him, while the crawling furry bodies in back of them squirmed in agitation.

"Listen, maybe when they beam us to London everything will re-arrange and straighten out!" said Guilne, half to the cats, half to the girl.

He stood in the compartment and looked up at the clock signal. They would energize in thirty seconds. He manipulated the cats into the crook of one arm, and lifted the girl with his free hand. She leaned heavily on him, swooning, her cat-head breasts staring at him with



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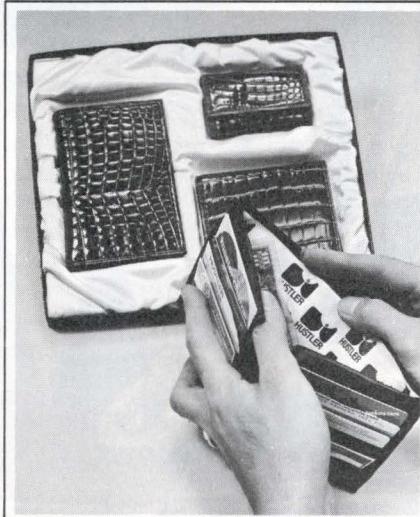
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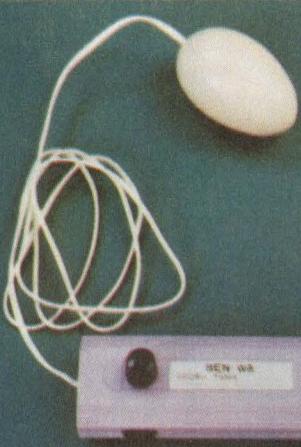
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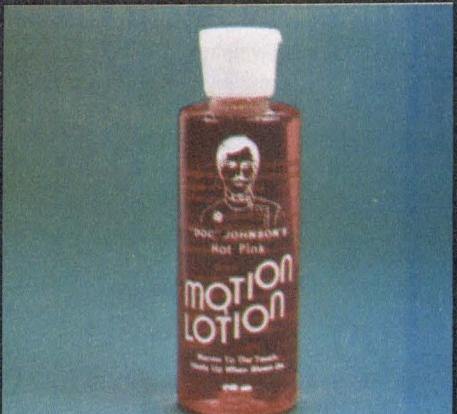
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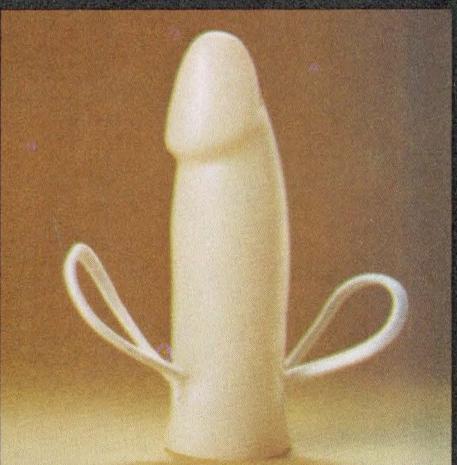
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	Lge.			
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fanged open mouths.

He tried to steady her by putting his arm around her. But her cat-head breasts tried to bite him. He held her away at arm's length. He checked the two cats he was holding. Those sweet naked boobs were right there, undulating and soft. A look of tenderness crossed his features. But as he held the boobs closer, the hairy legs in back kicked and scrambled, and one of the cats urinated on the floor.

He stuffed the cats back into the pet annex and tried to waken the girl. But it was no use. He put her in a sitting position on the yellow square. The green beaming light issued out from the floor and began its encircling wave. He saw her disappear, as he faded into sleep.

When he awoke, he looked down at the girl, and was relieved and pleased at the sight he saw. She was sitting on the floor half naked, and sleeping. She looked so serene. Her own beautiful breasts hung naturally from her chest. He gathered her

in his arms. Slowly her eyes fluttered open and widened, looking at him.

"Everything's all right," he said tenderly. He stroked one of her breasts. "I hope you're feeling better now. You—"

But suddenly, as he spoke, she leaped to her feet. She ran away from him, pounding at the door.

"They're still processing. The door will open any second now."

Guilne watched her continue to pound fiercely, anger gleaming in her eyes. He noticed the pet annex door fall open and the two cats timidly wandered out. They came over and rubbed against his leg and purred.

"See, the cats are fine," said Guilne. But the girl took no notice. When Guilne went over to try and calm her down she tried to bite him. At last the door slid open, and she raced out into the terminal.

A group of startled commuters watched her as she fled, her big breasts bouncing up and down as she scrambled away.

Guilne was about to run after her, but he stopped. He looked around for his case of books and found them off in a corner. He gathered them up. As he stooped over the cats came up to him and purred again, in unison. He smiled and petted them. They were soft and cute. They followed him as he quickly walked through the station.

He passed a group of insurance vendors. "Beam insurance?" one called "You didn't see what happened, did you?" answered Guilne. "You could lose a lot of money with this racket," he added. The vendor looked at him suspiciously.

The vendor stared after the young man as he walked away, two cats following obediently behind him. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

The real "it is well" is something I say from the ground, having fallen.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



"Eileen . . . You knew I was an asshole when you married me!"

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continued from page 88

are easy. She is now completely turned on, ready to go, wanting you inside of her. It is always best in timing to have the woman's desires a little bit ahead of the action, always wanting the next step rather than being pushed toward it. In that state, a woman is completely turned on, ready to open up, ready to receive your pleasure.

All of which gives some good reasons for why it could be great for love-making if the woman masturbates while you are in bed together. But what about you? As a man, why would you want to masturbate in bed with a woman when you could be fucking? And why would a woman want to see you masturbate and watch your orgasm go up in your hand when it could be going into her?

Good questions and the answer is, of course, that most of the time both of you would probably rather fuck. Most of the time, but not all of the time. There is something very special about masturbating in bed with a woman, something that can come from great confidence in your own sexuality, and which can be highly pleasurable for a woman.

As men we are usually more concerned with the woman's pleasure than with our own. This may seem strange to say, in light of the complaints of many women that men don't meet their needs, but it's true. In fucking a woman, we are usually more concerned with showing *her* what our cocks can do, rather than feeling pleasure in our cocks for ourselves. If we are really concerned with the physical pleasure of our cocks, aren't our own hands the best instrument of that pleasure? After all, only our own hands can know just how much pressure to apply and just how to move.

In masturbating in bed with a woman, we open our own pleasure to her, show her ourselves enjoying not fucking *her* but rather pleasuring *ourselves*. As you relax and take your cock in your hand, slowly starting to play with it, bringing it up to erection, and then steadily running your hand up and down, she will find herself fascinated. If you want to really get her involved, have her put some hand lotion on one finger and slip it into your ass. As you start to come, she will feel the pumping inside of you. When you are finished, it may be a while before you will be interested in coming again. You may not even want to come again that night, but as you drop off to sleep, you will find her holding you especially tightly. She will have felt closer to you than ever before because you have opened up your pleasure to her. 

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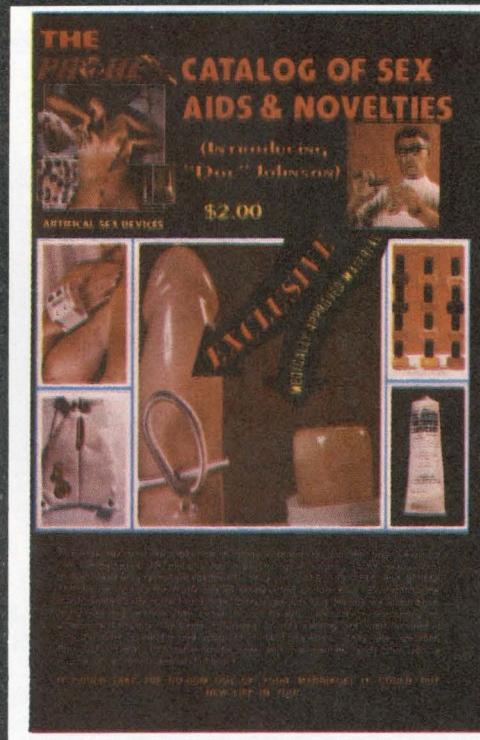


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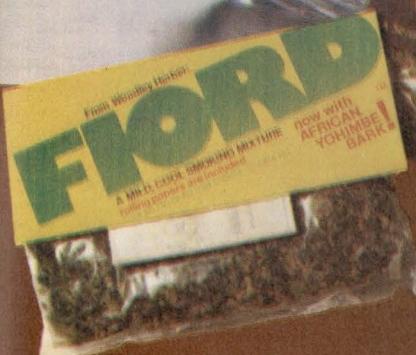
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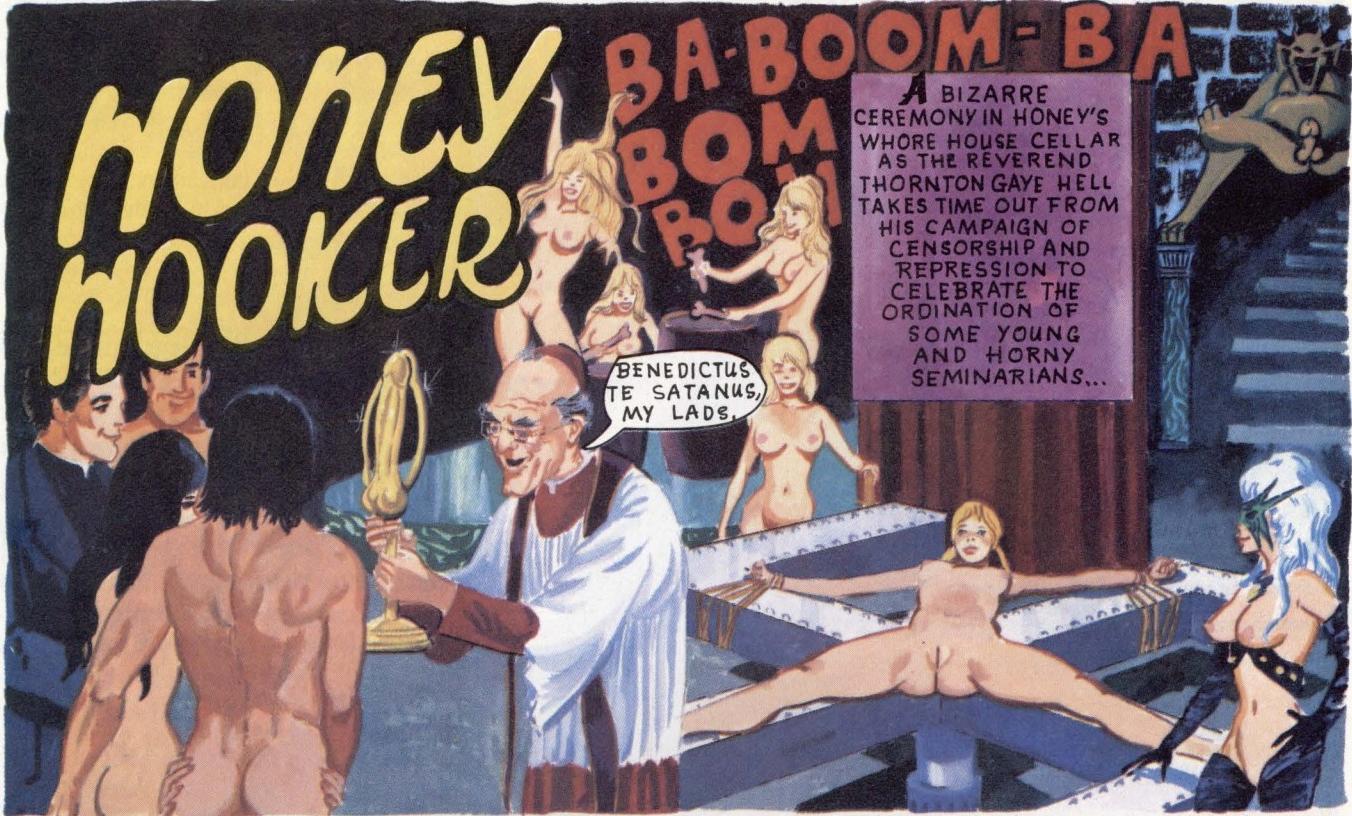
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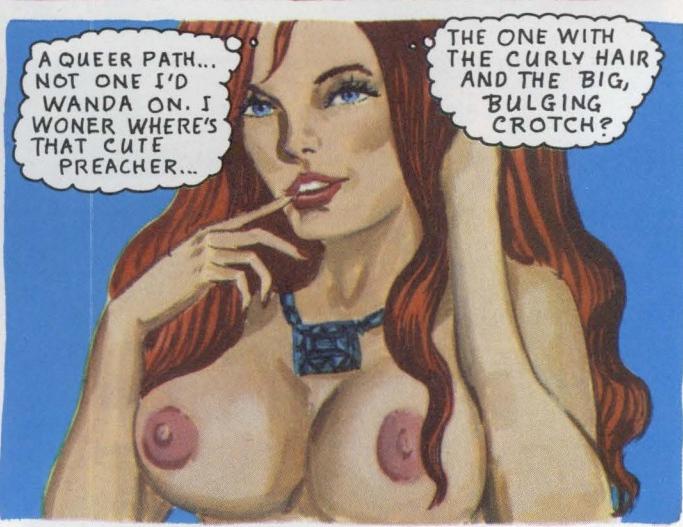
BA-BOOM-BA
BOM-BOM-BOM

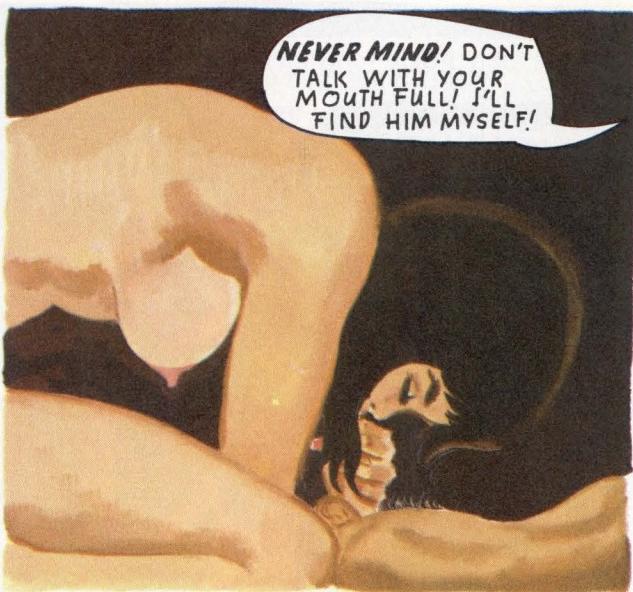
A BIZARRE CEREMONY IN HONEY'S WHORE HOUSE CELLAR AS THE REVEREND THORNTON GAYE HELL TAKES TIME OUT FROM HIS CAMPAIGN OF CENSORSHIP AND REPRESSION TO CELEBRATE THE ORDINATION OF SOME YOUNG AND HORNY SEMINARIANS...



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A SHORT TIME
LATER...

HII! DO I
REMIND YOU
OF SOMEONE?

OH HONEY!
A FIGHTING-
IRISH CHEER-
LEADER! AND
TWICE AS
FOXY AS SHE
WAS!

MMMMMM... BUT I'M
A VERY SPECIAL KIND
OF CHEERLEADER...

HUH? AH—WHAT
KIND IS THAT?



UH! OH! OH! OH!
PREACHERMAN!
IT... IT'S SLIDING IN...
SO GOOD—SO
G-GOOD! OH-
PREACHERLOVERMAN!

OH! OH!
GOD!

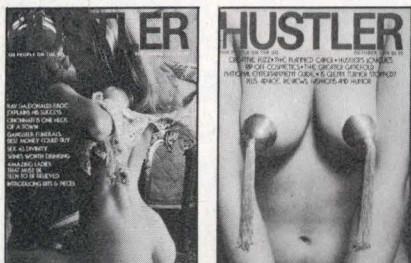
DO YOU FEEL
THE L-LORD?
UHHH... THE
GOOD LORD
IS COMING...
GOOD LORD!

AHHHHHHH!!
OH JESUS!
FUCK ME!

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PREVIEW

NOVEMBER PREVIEW

JOE CONFORTE INTERVIEW — A candid conversation with the owner of Mustang Ranch, the most famous of Nevada's legal brothels. Conforte feels that Mustang Ranch proves that prostitution serves a useful social purpose and should be legalized throughout the U.S. Read why—and learn the ins-and-outs of Conforte's business—in this exclusive interview—by Ron Offen.

JAMES HOFFA PROFILE — "Jimmy Hoffa loves nothing better than a good fight," says a long-time associate. He's got one now, trying to overturn the restrictions against union activity which were attached to the commutation of his prison sentence. Hoffa's present battles and his combative personality are vividly outlined in a HUSTLER Profile by veteran labor reporter — Neal Cody.

SEX IN PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS — These days a Presidential candidate's sex appeal — being able to turn women on without turning their husbands off — is as vital as a good foreign policy stance. Read this rundown of whether each candidate gives women a tingle, or a pain in the ass—by Frank Thistle.

"THE AFFAIR OF THE DISAPPEARING DILDO" — The legendary Wong of Fu Manchu dildo has mysteriously disappeared, but world-famous sleuth Sherlock Homo is hot on the satirical case — by "Dr. John H. Twatson."

AND — Our usual bevy of hot and horny Honeyes: Amber, Regine, Christy, Sabrina and Scarlet — the Lady in Leather; the latest Odd Balls in BITS & PIECES; a raunchy rock drummer finds new skins to beat in KINKY KORNER, and HONEY makes it with a forked-dorked demon.

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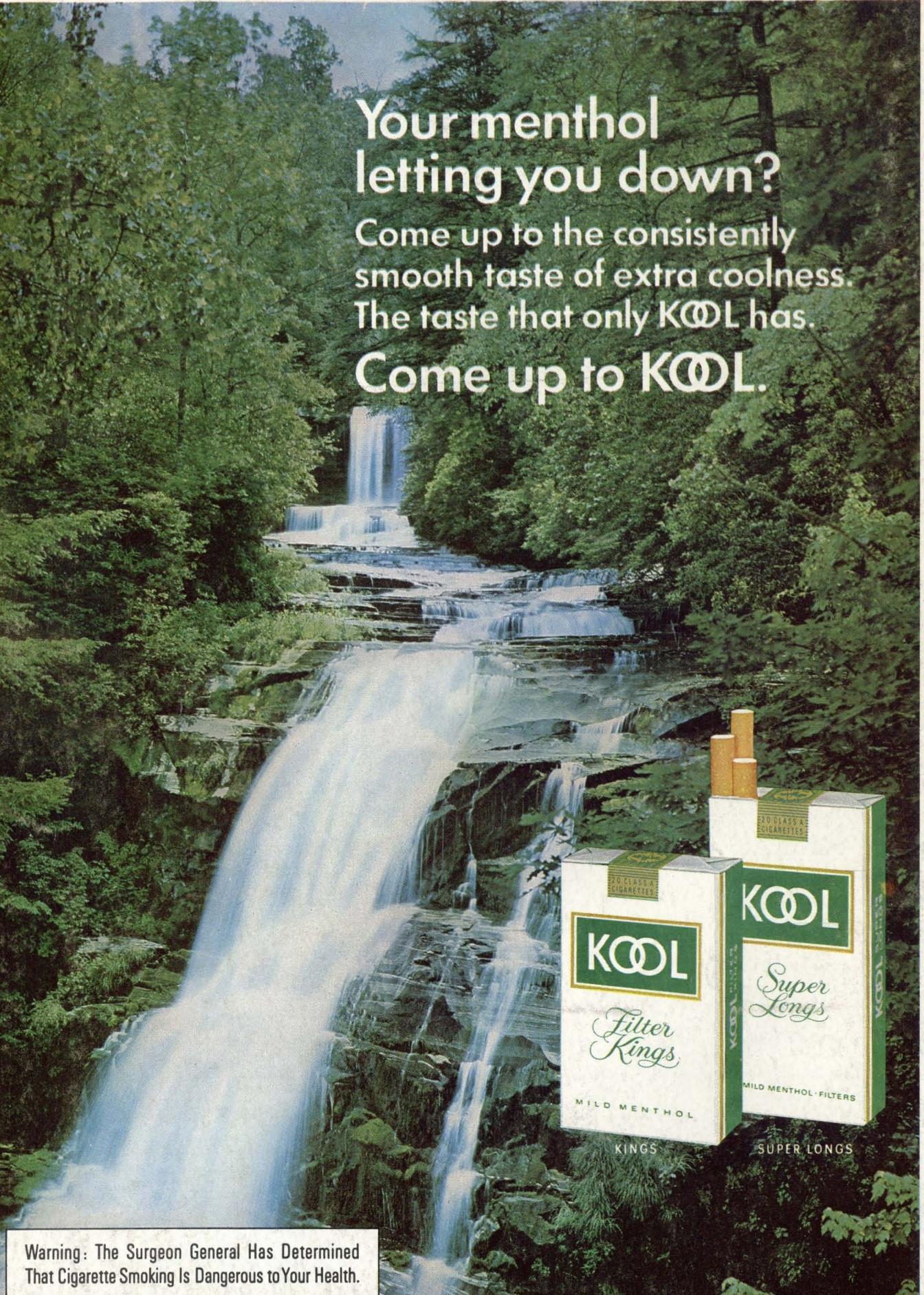
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